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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

LATER ELECTION ECHOES FROM EUROPE

HEINRICH CUNOW, a well-known German conservative Socialist writer, discussing in *Die Neue Zeit* the significance of the recent Republican victory, criticizes the 'laughter-provoking inability of the liberal press of Germany to comprehend American psychology and sentiment,' as indicated by its prophecy that Cox would be victorious. Cunow gives the following typically Socialist explanation for the defeat of Wilsonism:

> The American business world asks scornfully, 'What has the war done for us with its Peace Treaty and the international chaos which has resulted? How has it bettered the economic and political standing of the United States in the world, or bettered business for us at home? Has it brought us new markets or new trade opportunities? Will this League of Nations idea favor our industrial expansion? Is n't it rather a device to guarantee England possession of German colonies?'

In response to the inquiry as to what suggestion the election gives Germany regarding its future foreign policy, he says that his country is not faced by the alternative of seeking French or English friendship, but rather of seeking American or English friendship, concluding:

> To be sure, an American-German coalition, of which we have a possible forecast in the recent contract between the Hamburg-American Company and American shipping enterprises, is possible only on a capitalist basis. Any relations we have with the United States will profit principally American capital. But we are faced by the immediate necessity of finding a way out of our present economic misery, by increasing our production and recovering our lost commercial connections.

In other words, Germany's recovery is not to come through socialistic reform, but through capitalist alliances. Apparently, the conservative Socialists of Germany are coming to very much the same conclusion in this respect as the Bolsheviki of Russia.

'LA VOIX NATIONALE,' a Paris republican daily, is jubilant over Mr. Harding's election, observing '*les fumées Wilsoniennes n'ont jamais été américaines; M. Harding n'est pas l'homme des fumées.*'

> The United States wish to retain liberty of action toward other nations, and they are right. French patriots can only endorse that kind of a foreign policy. There never has been, and there never will be an American imperialism. England can spend millions upon our newspapers in order to convince us of the contrary, but we shall know it is not true. . . . The Republican Party of the United States, I repeat, is the Right, is Reaction in that country. It is essentially conservative

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and patriotic. It does not wish war, and ardently desires that no occasion for war may arise. Since Germany's defeat, it has observed with attention, and sometimes with disquiet, the course of France. It saw Clemenceau serving as England's valet, and feared for the future of its own relations with this country. American patriots are perfectly aware that England is the worst enemy of the United States and that the Anglo-Japanese alliance has a perfectly clear purpose — to hold America in check. Washington is asking itself which France is destined to be — its future ally or England's accomplice under duress in the conflict of to-morrow.

Indeed, the interpretations of the Republican victory in the European press are most diverse, and many of them would be extremely novel to our own people.

BERLIN CHILDREN

Occasional allusions in German newspapers to the conduct and sentiment of children help to illuminate social conditions in that country. The Berlin school authorities reprehend the growing disorderliness of street children, who dance and gesticulate in front of approaching automobiles, so as to endanger their own lives and those of passengers and drivers. Serious accidents have also been caused by children stoning passing automobiles. A person familiar with the strict training of German children before the war will appreciate what this change suggests.

Another side to the picture is disclosed by school compositions. A teacher who asked his children to write upon, 'How I would spend ten marks,' received among other papers the two following:

Ten marks is very much money. Then I would not need to be hungry and my sister would not either. My mother also would not cry any more. Then people would not scold me because I would not beg of them. When I am big I shall take ten marks from my wages every time and hunt up a poor mother and children who have no father any longer and give it to them, so no one may know how I did it. Then they will not need to be hungry any more, for hunger is the worst thing in the world.

I have no father any more just because of the war. He was always so good and kind and yet they shot him dead. I wish my father would come back and stroke my hair again. There ought to be a big money-box somewhere where every one would put in ten marks. I would ask some kind people to give me ten marks so I could put it in, too. Then when a war was coming again they must use that money to get peace, so that no more children would lose their dear father. With money you can do anything.

The German Red Cross, after inquiries into the underfeeding of children, reports little general distress among country children, whose parents usually produce the food they consume. However, exceptional rural districts are named where nearly half the very young children and school children are underfed, and child mortality is above normal. Of course conditions are much worse in the cities. A tragic fact is that the children often have only a fraction of the clothing they need, which increases their susceptibility to diseases already favored by undernourishment.

THE VANDERLIP CONCESSION

The English and Continental press have devoted much more space to the Vanderlip concession than the newspapers of our own country. According to the London *Times*, Mr. Vanderlip refused the request of the British Home Office to see his personal papers and contracts, commenting: 'Why should I try to enlighten your people on conditions in Russia?' Vanderlip described some of his early adventures in Siberia and his discovery of oil there. Among the goods which Russia would receive from the United States under the concession, the most significant item is 30,000,000 schoolbooks, to be printed in America in the Russian language. Among other items are a billion cans of tinned milk and meats, 50,000 typewriters, 2,000,000 tons of rails, 5000 locomotives, 50,000 elec-

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tric generators and motors, 7,000,000 assorted tools, 100 ocean going steamers, and vast quantities of other itemized supplies. In return, the United States would receive from Russia coal, manganese, timber, grain, oil, and other products to be carried in American ships. Vanderlip said that he had not heard a shot fired during his 60 days' stay in Russia. He highly commended the Moscow theatres and confirmed the report that school children receive better food than adults.

Prefacing its statement that 'no one could hate Bolshevism more strongly than we do,' the Tory London *Spectator* declares:

> It seems to us, from every point of view, desirable that trade with her (Russia) should begin at the first possible moment. . . . It may be objected that this will be tantamount to recommending the blood-stained government of Moscow. In a world which could be run on logical principles, that might be a valid objection, but in the circumstances in which we find ourselves, we cannot regard it as such. . . . To sum up, the right attitude toward Russia is to realize that, if Russia does not save herself, she can not be saved. And for the rest, if we can help her at all on the way back to sanity, we can help her by trade.

NEW ZEALAND AND ITS EX-SOLDIERS

New Zealand has succeeded remarkably well, according to a correspondent of the London *Times*, in 'reabsorbing' its returning soldiers. At the end of September, only 186 were registered as desiring employment, none had been out of work for more than a week, and not a penny was being paid in unemployment subsistence. The entire unemployment benefits expended to date are less than $25,000. This is attributed partly to the success of settling soldiers on the land. No soldier is placed on a farm unless he is fitted for that work by previous experience, or has completed a course in one of the five agricultural training centres. Most of the soldier settlers are prosperous, the proportion of failures being estimated at only five per cent. The total number settled is nearly 8000 men upon approximately 400,000 acres.

WRANGEL'S EXIT

Discussing Wrangel's defeat, Philippe Millet, writing in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, says that public opinion in France favored his recognition in the belief that he was a sincere democrat, who would not repeat the blunders of Denikin and Kolchak, and would win the support of the peasants and common people of Russia. In this respect, he says, the French people were deceived, and the Wrangel campaign was 'an organized lie'—*mensonge organisé*. The effect of French policy has been to impair the harmony of the Allies and to strengthen the soviet government, or precisely the opposite of what was sought. He concludes: 'The only lesson we can draw is that the best policy toward Russia to-day is to do nothing.'

The same journal prints the following anecdote:

> When the revolution broke out in Berlin on November 9, 1919, one of Clemenceau's advisers informed him that the Russian Bolsheviki had published the secret documents of the Russian Foreign Office and that the German Bolsheviki would probably do the same with the secret documents of Wilhelmstrasse, and added: 'You 've got Briand.'
>
> 'How?'
>
> 'You've got Briand fast, by the papers relating to the proposed negotiations of Briand, Evans Coppeé, Mérode, and Lanken, between July and September, 1918.'
>
> The suggestion did not fall on a deaf ear. The documents were bought for a good price: One hundred and fifty thousand marks. But, unhappily, experts discovered that the government had been duped. A Bolshevist forger had played a trick on our representatives.
>
> Briand had the matter out with Clemenceau: 'You tried to disgrace me. In order to do it, you have squandered public funds. You will never be president of the Republic.'
>
> And Clemenceau is not president.

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BERNHARDI'S NEW BOOK

GENERAL VON BERNHARDI, whose book upon the future war brought him into prominence during the late hostilities, has appeared again before the public, with a journal of his trip around the world in 1911 and 1912. We reprint the following quotations and comments from a review in the London *Times*:

Anyone who is well disposed toward the Free State of North America must wish it a mighty struggle for existence with adversaries of equal rank, so that this people may come to perceive that the greatness of a state cannot be founded merely on material and economic achievements, but that it needs much more: in the first instance those spiritual and moral forces which are altogether wanting in America to-day. In the face of danger the population would come together in national unity; there would be a ripening of moral powers which at present exist only in germ; there would be a development and a hardening of military strength, which, at present, is simply not to be taken seriously; the sense of duty to one's country would become a living reality; out of the stress of action the pursuit of nobler and purer ends would follow than that of mere money-making; love of adventure and personal prowess would be busy, for the well-being of the whole, as it has been hitherto for private interests; finally, in the face of danger there might emerge a high sense of national honor which to-day is present only as national vanity, and from the soil of a great historical tradition there would spring ideals which might shine forth as a beacon to a great and powerful future. What the American Free State needs is a big war.

The Americans are allowed the virtue of hospitality; but there can be no speaking of them as a *Kulturvolk*. Nor is theirs a Parliamentary republic, for reasons which are explained at length. All the same, it must be understood that

The German Empire can never be a political danger for the United States. By its geographical position Germany can never attempt to aspire to a world dominion, as England is to-day in fact, and so become a menace to the Union. Should Germany desire to embark on warlike operations against it, she would have not only England but the other Powers of the Triple Entente against her and would be almost instantly barred from attacking America. . . . An aggressive policy for Germany against the Union seems, after all, to be ruled out.

IRISH NOTES

MR. C. F. G. MASTERTON, who was a financial secretary in the Asquith Cabinet at the outbreak of the war, was recently asked at a public meeting he was addressing in Macclesfield, why the government did not prosecute Sir Edward Carson in 1914 when he made the first appeal for a violent settlement of the Irish question 'by preaching rebellion in Ulster and importing German rifles to resist the forces of the Crown.' Mr. Masterton said:

The Cabinet was ready to do so, but Mr. John Redmond and Mr. John Dillon, acting through Mr. Lloyd George, persuaded the Cabinet not to take the step. They argued that in three months' time the Home Rule Bill would become law and that they would then be responsible for the government of Ireland. They asked that they should be allowed to undertake the government of Ireland without being hampered by any feeling created beforehand by the prosecution of Sir Edward Carson. They thought they could overcome what they regarded as the *blague* of the Ulster movement. They may have been right or they may have been wrong, but the war broke out before the test came.

HENRI BÉRAUD contributes an article entitled 'Irish Vespers'—*Les Vêpres Irlandaises*—to the mid-November issue of *Mercure de France*. Referring to the statement of Mr. Greenwood, Secretary of State for Ireland, before the House of Commons on October 20, to the effect that no reprisals were being undertaken against Irish patriots; and that he could condemn reprisals but could not condemn off-hand the policemen who momentarily lost their heads, this writer says:

Any witness of what is actually occurring in Ireland will read this statement of Mr. Greenwood's with profound astonishment. I appeal to Mr. Kessel of the *Journal des Débats* and to Mr. Baeza, a Spanish author, who were my traveling companions. These statements convey an utterly wrong impression.

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TURKS AND BOLSHEVIKI

ACCORDING to a Reuter dispatch in the London *Morning Post*, the agreement between the Bolsheviki and Mustapha Kemal, which bears a direct relation to the crisis in Armenia, includes the following points:

1. To ensure the territorial integrity of Turkey and restore Turkish administration in the regions inhabited by Turks.
2. Turkish control is to be established in the new states of Arabia and Syria.
3. Facilities are to be accorded Russian delegates with a view to the development of Communism in Turkey.
4. Russia and Turkey agree to 'liberate Moslem countries, such as India, Algeria, Egypt, Morocco, and Tunis, from the foreign yoke' and grant them independence.
5. Russia recognizes the independence of Moslem States in her territory, and guarantees their integrity.
6. Russia agrees to grant financial and material aid to Turkey.
7. Russia agrees to dispatch two army corps, followed by more if necessary.
8. Hostilities may be continued against the Entente without previous reference to the National Councils of both countries.

Other clauses concern mutual help in the matter of supplies and equipment.

ANGLO-AMERICAN NAVAL AGREEMENT

THE London *Times*, discussing the need of public economy and methods for reducing expenditures, suggests the possibility of a naval agreement with the United States. After observing, 'one is almost ashamed to say it, but there are already people in this country who are beginning to see a new naval rival in the United States,' it proposes that there be 'a naval agreement with the United States, which would not only prevent our ever becoming rivals, but would make us partners in our old historic duties of preserving the liberties of the world in salt sea-brine.' More in detail the suggestion is summarized under the following heads:

1. The sea and the air shall be subject partly to national, partly to international sovereignty. The limits of national sovereignty shall be defined by agreement between the two contracting Powers and afterward submitted to ratification by the Council of the League of Nations. Outside those limits the sovereignty both of sea and air shall be international.
2. Sea and air, under international sovereignty, shall be free to all commerce at all times except to such articles as may be declared contraband by the league, and no belligerent operations, whether on sea or in the air, shall take place within international sovereignty except under conditions and for objects approved by the league. But nothing in this clause shall prevent the free intercourse, both in peace and war, between different parts of Imperial, Union, or Federation of states.
3. For safeguarding international sovereignty in the air and at sea, Great Britain and the United States hold their fleets, naval and aerial, at the service of the league. They further undertake not to employ their fleets against each other except in defense of this sovereignty, and to make common cause against all who attack either in consequence of the discharge of its duties under this agreement.

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[*Blackwood's Magazine* (British Literary and Political Monthly), *January, 1880*]

CHRISTENDOM AND ISLAM

BY A TURKISH EFFENDI

[The following article, which read to-day seems to contain strikingly prophetic passages, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* forty-one years ago, shortly after the Russo-Turkish war. It reflects the impression made upon the mind of an educated and cosmopolitan Turk by the Treaty of Berlin — which began the final partition of Turkey completed by the still pending Treaty of Sèvres.

In the suburb of one of the most romantically situated towns in Asia Minor there lives the most remarkable oriental whom it has ever been my fortune to meet. Traveling through that interesting country a few months ago, with the view of assisting the British government to introduce some much needed reforms, I arrived at ——. I purposely abstain from mentioning the name of the place, as my Eastern friend, to whom I am indebted for the following paper, desires his *incognito* to be observed, for reasons which the reader will easily understand on its perusal. I remained there some weeks examining the state of the surrounding country, at that time a good deal disturbed, and giving the local authorities the benefit of a little wholesome counsel and advice, which, I need scarcely say, they wholly disregarded. My officious interference in their affairs not unnaturally procured me some notoriety; and I received, in consequence, numerous visits from members of all classes of the community detailing their grievances, and anxious to know what chance there might be of a forcible intervention on the part of England by which these should be redressed. In my intercourse with them I was struck by their constant allusion to an apparently mysterious individual, who evidently enjoyed a reputation for an almost supernatural sagacity, and whose name they never mentioned except in terms of the greatest reverence, and indeed, I might almost say, of awe. My curiosity at last became excited, and I made special inquiries in regard to this unknown sage. I found that he lived about a mile and a half out of the town, on a farm which he had purchased about five years ago; that no one knew from whence he had come; that he spoke both Turkish and Arabic as his native tongues; but that some supposed him to be a Frank, owing to his entire neglect of all the ceremonial observances of a good Moslem, and to a certain foreign mode of thought; while others maintained that no man who had not been born an oriental could adapt himself so naturally to the domestic life of the East, and acquire its social habits with such ease and perfection. His erudition was said to be extraordinary, and his life seemed passed in studying the literature of many languages — his agent for the purchase and forwarding of such books and papers as he needed being a foreign merchant at the nearest seaport. He seemed possessed of considerable wealth, but his mode of life was simple in the extreme; and he

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employed large sums in relieving the distress by which he was surrounded, and in protecting by the necessary bribes those who were unable to protect themselves from oppression. The result was that he was adored by the country people for miles round, while he was rather respected and feared than disliked by the Turkish officials — for he was extremely tolerant of their financial necessities, and quite understood that they were compelled to squeeze money out of the peasantry, because, as they received no pay, they would themselves starve unless they did.

To this gentleman I sent my card, with a note in French, stating that I was a traveling Englishman, with a seat in the House of Commons in immediate prospect at the coming election, consumed with a desire to reform Asia Minor, or, at all events, to enlighten my countrymen as to how it should be done. Perhaps I am wrong in saying that I actually put all this in my note, but it was couched in the usual tone of members of Parliament who are cramming political questions abroad which are likely to come up next session. I know the style, because I have been in the House myself. The note I received in reply was in English, and was as follows:

Dear Sir: If you are not otherwise engaged, it will give me great pleasure if you will do me the honor of dining with me to-morrow evening at seven. I trust you will excuse the preliminary formality of a visit, but I have an appointment at some distance in the country, which will detain me until too late an hour to call. Believe me, yours very truly,

EFFENDI.

P.S.— As you may have some difficulty in finding your way, my servant will be with you at half-past six to serve as a guide.

'Dear me,' I thought, as I read this civilized epistle with amazement, 'I wonder whether he expects me to dress;' for I need scarcely say I had come utterly unprovided for any such contingency, my wearing apparel, out of regard for my baggage-mule, having been limited to the smallest allowance consistent with cleanliness. Punctually at the hour named, my dragoman informed me that ——, Effendi's servant, was in attendance; and, arrayed in the shooting-coat, knee-breeches, and riding-boots which formed my only costume, I followed him on foot through the narrow winding streets of the town, until we emerged into its gardens, and following a charming path between orchards of fruit-trees, gradually reached its extreme outskirts, when it turned into a narrow glen, down which foamed a brawling torrent. A steep ascent for about ten minutes brought us to a large gate in a wall. This was immediately opened by a porter who lived in a lodge outside, and I found myself in grounds that were half park, half flower-garden, in the centre of which, on a terrace commanding a magnificent view, stood the house of my host — a Turkish mansion with projecting latticed windows, and a courtyard with a colonnade round it and a fountain in the middle. A broad flight of steps led to the principal entrance, and at the top of it stood a tall figure in the flowing Turkish costume of fifty years ago, now, alas! becoming very rare among the upper classes. I wondered whether this could be the writer of the invitation to dinner; but my doubts were speedily solved by the *empressement* with which this turbaned individual, who seemed a man of about fifty years of age, descended the steps, and with the most consummate ease and grace of manner, advanced to shake hands and give me a welcome of unaffected cordiality. He spoke English with the greatest fluency, though with a slight accent, and in appearance was of the fair type not uncommonly seen in

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Turkey; the eyes dark blue, mild in repose, but, when animated, expanding and flashing with the brilliancy of the intelligence which lay behind them. The beard was silky and slightly auburn. The whole expression of the face was inexpressably winning and attractive, and I instinctively felt that, if it only depended upon me, we should soon become fast friends. Such in fact proved to be the case. We had a perfect little dinner, cooked in Turkish style, but served in European fashion; and afterwards talked so far into the night that my host would not hear of my returning, and put me into a bedroom as nicely furnished as if it had been in a country-house in England. Next morning I found that my dragoman and baggage had all been transferred from the house of the family with whom I had been lodging in town, and I was politely given to understand that I was forcibly taken possession of during the remainder of my stay at——. At the expiration of a week I was so much struck by the entirely novel view, as it seemed to me, which my host took of the conflict between Christendom and Islam, and by the philosophic aspect under which he presented the Eastern Question generally, that I asked him whether he would object to putting his ideas in writing, and allowing me to publish them — prefacing his remarks by any explanation in regard to his own personality which he might feel disposed to give. He was extremely reluctant to comply with this request, his native modesty and shrinking from notoriety of any sort presenting an almost insurmountable obstacle to his rushing into print, even in the strictest *incognito*. However, by dint of persistent importunity, I at last succeeded in breaking through his reserve, and he consented to throw into the form of a personal communication addressed to me whatever he had to say, and to allow me to make any use of it that I liked.

I confess that when I came to read his letter, I was somewhat taken aback by the uncompromising manner in which the Effendi had stated his case; and I should have asked him to modify the language in which he had couched his views, but I felt convinced that had I done so, he would have withdrawn it altogether. I was, moreover, ashamed to admit that I doubted whether I should find a magazine in England with sufficient courage to publish it. As, although my friend wrote English with extraordinary facility for an oriental, the style was somewhat defective, I ventured to propose that I should rewrite it, retaining not merely the ideas, but the expression as far as possible. To this he readily consented; and as I read it over to him afterwards, and he approved of it in its present form, I can guarantee that his theory as to the origin and nature of the collision between the East and the West is accurately represented. I need not say that I differ from it entirely, and in our numerous conversations gave my reasons for doing so. I will not enter into them here, however, as they will at once occur to the intelligent reader; but notwithstanding the many fallacies contained in the Effendi's line of argument, I have thought it well that it should, if possible, be made public in England, for many reasons. In the first place, the question of reform, especially in Asiatic Turkey, occupies a dominant position in English politics; and it is of great importance that we should know not only that many intelligent Turks consider a reform of the government hopeless but to what causes they attribute the present decrepit and corrupt condition of the empire. We can gather from the

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views here expressed, though stated in a most uncomplimentary manner, why many of the most enlightened Moslems, while lamenting the vices which have brought their country to ruin, refuse to coöperate in an attempt, on the part of the Western Powers, which, in their opinion, would only be going from bad to worse. However much we may differ from those whom we wish to benefit, it would be folly to shut our ears to their opinions in regard to ourselves or our religion, simply because they are distasteful to us. We can best achieve our end by candidly listening to what they may have to say. And this must be my apology, as well as that of the magazine in which it appears, for the publication of a letter so hostile in tone to our cherished convictions and beliefs. At the same time, I cannot disguise from myself that while many of its statements are prejudiced and highly colored, others are not altogether devoid of some foundation in truth: it never can do us any harm to see ourselves sometimes as others see us. The tendency of mankind, and perhaps especially of Englishmen, is so very much that of the ostrich, which is satisfied to keep its head in the sand and see nothing that is disturbing to its self-complacency, that a little rough handling occasionally does no harm.

These considerations have induced me to do my best to make 'the bark of the distant Effendi' be heard, to use the fine imagery of Bon Gaultier,* and with these few words of introduction, I will leave him to tell his own tale, and state his opinions on the burning questions of the day.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

'I proceed, in compliance with your request, to put in writing a résumé in a condensed form of the views which I have expressed in our various conversations together on the Eastern Question, premising only that I have yielded to it under strong pressure, because I fear they may wound the sensibilities or shock the prejudices of your countrymen. As, however, you assure me that they are sufficiently tolerant to have the question in which they are so much interested presented to them from an oriental point of view, I shall write with perfect frankness, and in the conviction that opinions, however unpalatable they may be, which are only offered to the public in the earnest desire to advance the cause of truth, will meet with some response in the breasts of those who are animated with an equally earnest desire to find it. In order to explain how I have come to form these opinions, I must, at the cost of seeming egotistic, make a few prefatory remarks about myself. My father was an official of high rank and old Turkish family, resident for some time in Constantinople, and afterward in an important seaport in the Levant. An unusually enlightened and well-educated man, he associated much with Europeans; and from early life I have been familiar with the Greek, French, and Italian languages. He died when I was about twenty years of age; and I determined to make use of the affluence to which I fell heir, by traveling in foreign countries. I had already read largely the literature of both France and Italy, and had to a certain extent become emancipated from the modes of thought, and I may even say from the religious ideas, prevalent among my countrymen. I went in the first instance to Rome, and after a year's sojourn there, proceeded to England, where I assumed an Italian name, and devoted myself to the study of the

* Say, is it the glance of the haughty vizier,
Or the bark of the distant Effendi, you fear?
— *Eastern Serenade:* Bon Gaultier's *Book of Ballads.*

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language, institutions, literature, and religion of the country. I was at all times extremely fond of philosophical speculation, and this led me to a study of German. My pursuits were so engrossing that I saw little of society, and the few friends I made were among a comparatively humble class. I remained in England ten years, traveling occasionally on the Continent, and visiting Turkey twice during that time. I then proceeded to America, where I passed a year, and thence went to India by way of Japan and China. In India I remained two years, resuming during this period an oriental garb, and living principally among my co-religionists. I was chiefly occupied, however, in studying the religious movement among the Hindus known as the Bramo Somaj. From India I went to Ceylon, where I lived in great retirement, and became deeply immersed in the more occult knowledge of Buddhism. Indeed, these mystical studies so intensely interested me, that it was with difficulty, after a stay of three years, that I succeeded in tearing myself away from them. I then passed, by way of the Persian Gulf, into Persia, remained a year in Teheran, whence I went to Damascus, where I lived for five years, during which time I performed the Hadj, more out of curiosity than as an act of devotion. Five years ago I arrived here on my way to Constantinople, and was so attracted by the beauty of the spot and the repose which it seemed to offer me, that I determined to pitch my tent here for the remainder of my days, and to spend them in doing what I could to improve the lot of those amidst whom Providence had thrown me.

'I am aware that this record of my travels will be received with considerable surprise by those unacquainted with the habits of life of Turks generally. I have given it, however, to account for the train of thought into which I have been led, and the conclusions at which I had arrived, and to explain the exceptional and isolated position in which I find myself among my own countrymen, who, as a rule, have no sympathy with the motives which have actuated me through life, or with their results. I have hitherto observed, therefore, a complete reticence in regard to both. Should, however, these pages fall under the eye of any member of the Theosophical Society, either in America, Europe, or Asia, they will at once recognize the writer as one of their number, and will, I feel sure, respect that reserve as to my personality which I wish to maintain.

'I have already said that in early life I became thoroughly dissatisfied with the religion in which I was born and brought up; and, determined to discard all early prejudices, I resolved to travel over the world, visiting the various centres of religious thought, with the view of making a comparative study of the value of its religions, and of arriving at some conclusion as to the one I ought myself to adopt. As, however, they each claimed to be derived from an inspired source, I very soon became overwhelmed with the presumption of the task which I had undertaken; for I was not conscious of the possession of any verifying faculty which would warrant my deciding between the claims of different revelations, or of judging of the merits of rival forms of inspiration. Nor did it seem possible to me that any evidence in favor of a revelation which was in all instances offered by human beings like myself, could be of such a nature that another human being should dare to assert that it could have none other than a divine origin; the more especially as the author of it was

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in all instances in external appearance also a human being. At the same time, I am far from being so daring as to maintain that no divine revelation, claiming to be such, is not pervaded with a divine afflatus. On the contrary, it would seem that to a greater or less degree they must all be so. Their relative values must depend, so far as our own earth is concerned, upon the amount of moral truth of a curative kind in regard to this world's moral disease which they contain, and upon their practical influence upon the lives and conduct of men. I was therefore led to institute a comparison between the objects which were proposed by various religions; and I found that just in the degree in which they had been diverted from their original design of world-regeneration were the results unsatisfactory, so far as human righteousness was concerned; and that the concentration of the mind of the devotee upon a future state of life, and the salvation of his soul after he left this world, tended to produce an enlightened selfishness in his daily life which has culminated in its extreme form under the influence of one religion, and finally resulted in what is commonly known as Western civilization. For it is only logical, if a man be taught to consider his highest religious duty to be the salvation of his own soul, while the salvation of his neighbor's occupies a secondary place, that he should instinctively feel his highest earthly duty is the welfare of his own human personality and those belonging to it in this world. It matters not whether this future salvation is to be attained by an act of faith, or by merit through good work — the effort is none the less a selfish one. The religion to which I am now referring will be at once recognized as the popular form of Christianity. After a careful study of the teaching of the great founder of this religion, I am amazed at the distorted character it has assumed under the influence of the three great sects into which it has become divided — to wit, the Greek, Catholic, and Protestant Christians. There is no teaching so thoroughly altruistic in its character, and which, if it could be literally applied, would, I believe, exercise so direct and beneficial an influence on the human race, as the teaching of Christ; but as there is no religious teacher whose moral standard, in regard to the duties of men toward each other in this world, was so lofty, so there is none, it seems to me, as an impartial student, the spirit of whose revelation has been more perverted and degraded by his followers of all denominations. The Buddhist, the Hindu, and the Mohammedan, though they have all more or less lost the influence of the afflatus which pervades their sacred writings, have not actually constructed a theology based upon the inversion of the original principles of their religion. Their light, never so bright as that which illumined the teachings of Christ, has died away till but a faint flicker remains; but Christians have developed their social and political morality out of the very blackness of the shadow thrown by "The Light of the World." Hence it is that wherever modern Christendom — which I will, for the sake of distinguishing it from the Christendom proposed by Christ, style Anti-Christendom* — comes into contact with the races who

* I here remarked to the Effendi that there was something very offensive to Christians in the term '*Anti*-Christendom,' as it possessed a peculiar signification in their religious belief; and I requested him to substitute for it some other word. This he declined to do most positively; and he pointed to passages in the Koran, in which Mahomet prophesies the coming of Anti-Christ. As he said it was an article of his faith that the Anti-Christ alluded to by the prophet was the culmination of the inverted Christianity professed in these latter days, he could not so far compromise with his conscience as to change the term, and rather than do so he would withdraw the letter. I have therefore been constrained to let it remain.

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live under the dim religious light of their respective revelations, the feeble rays of the latter become extinguished by the gross darkness of this Anti-Christendom, and they lie crushed and mangled under the iron heel of its organized and sanctified selfishness. The real God of Anti-Christendom is Mammon: in Catholic Anti-Christendom, tempered by a lust of spiritual and temporal power; in Greek Anti-Christendom, tempered by a lust of race aggrandisement; but in Protestant Anti-Christendom, reigning supreme. The cultivation of the selfish instinct has unnaturally developed the purely intellectual faculties at the expense of the moral; has stimulated competition; and has produced a combination of mechanical inventions, political institutions, and an individual force of character, against which so-called "heathen" nations, whose cupidities and covetous propensities lie comparatively dormant, are utterly unable to prevail.

'This overpowering love of "the root of all evil," with the mechanical inventions in the shape of railroads, telegraphs, ironclads, and other appliances which it has discovered for the accumulation of wealth, and for the destruction of those who impede its accumulation, constitutes what is called "Western civilization."

'Countries in which there are no gigantic swindling corporations, no financial crises by which millions are ruined, or Gatling guns by which they may be slain, are said to be in a state of barbarism. When the civilization of Anti-Christendom comes into contact with barbarism of this sort, instead of lifting it out of its moral error, which would be the case if it were true Christendom, it almost invariably shivers it to pieces. The consequence of the arrival of the so-called Christian in a heathen country is, not to bring immortal life, but physical and moral death. Either the native races die out before him — as in the case of the Red Indian of America and the Australian and New Zealander — or they save themselves from physical decay by worshipping, with all the ardor of perverts to a new religion, at the shrine of Mammon — as in the case of Japan — and fortify themselves against dissolution by such a rapid development of the mental faculties and the avaricious instincts, as may enable them to cope successfully with the formidable invading influence of Anti-Christendom. The disastrous moral tendencies and disintegrating effects of inverted Christianity upon a race professing a religion which was far inferior in its origin and conception, but which has been practised by its professors with more fidelity and devotion, has been strikingly illustrated in the history of my own country. One of the most corrupt forms which Christianity has ever assumed, was to be found organized in the Byzantine empire at the time of its conquest by the Turks. Had the so-called Christian races which fell under their sway in Europe during their victorious progress westward been compelled, without exception, to adopt the faith of Islam, it is certain, to my mind, that their moral condition would have been immensely improved. Indeed, you who have traveled among the Moslem Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, who are the descendants of converts to Islam at that epoch, will bear testimony to the fact that they contrast most favorably in true Christian virtues with the descendants of their countrymen who remained Christians; and I fearlessly appeal to the Austrian authorities now governing those provinces to bear me out in this assertion. Unfortunately, a sufficiently large nominally Christian population was allowed by the Turks

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to remain in their newly-acquired possessions, to taint the conquering race itself. The vices of Byzantinism speedily made themselves felt in the body politic of Turkey. The subservient races, intensely superstitious in the form of their religious belief, which had been degraded into a passport system, by which the believer in the efficacy of certain dogmas and ceremonials might attain heaven irrespective of his moral character on earth, were unrestrained by religious principle from giving free rein to their natural propensities, which were dishonest and covetous in the extreme. They thus revenged themselves on their conquerors, by undermining them financially, politically, and morally; they insidiously plundered those who were too indifferent to wealth to learn how to preserve it, and infected others with the contagion of their own cupidity, until these became as vicious and corrupt in their means of acquiring riches as they were themselves. This process has been going on for the last five hundred years, until the very fanaticism of the race, which was its best protection against inverted Christianity, has begun to die out, and the governing class of Turks has with rare exceptions become as dishonest and degraded as the Ghiaours they despise. Still they would have been able, for many years yet to come, to hold their own in Europe, but for the enormously increased facilities for the accumulation of wealth, and therefore for the gratification of covetous propensities, created within the last half-century by the discoveries of steam and electricity. Not only was Turkey protected formerly from the sordid and contaminating influence of Anti-Christendom by the difficulties of communication, but the mania of developing the resources of foreign countries for the purpose of appropriating the wealth which they might contain, became proportionately augmented with increased facilities of transportation; so that now the very habits of thought in regard to countries styled barbarous have become changed. As an example of this, I would again refer to my own country. I can remember the day when British tourists visited it with a view to the gratification of their æsthetic tastes. They delighted to contrast what they were then pleased to term "oriental civilization" with their own. Our very backwardness in the mechanical arts was an attraction to them. They went home delighted with the picturesqueness and the indolence of the East.

'Its bazaars, its costumes, its primitive old-world *cachet*, invested it in their eyes with an indescribable charm; and books were written which fascinated the Western reader with pictures of our manners and customs, because they were so different from those with which he was familiar. Now all this is changed; the modern traveler is in nine cases out of ten a railroad speculator, or a mining engineer, or a financial promoter, or a concession hunter, or perchance a would-be member of Parliament like yourself, coming to see how pecuniary or political capital can be made out of us, and how he can best *exploiter* the resources of the country to his own profit. This he calls "reforming" it. His idea is, not how to make the people morally better, but how best to develop their predatory instincts, and teach them to prey upon each other's pockets. For he knows that by encouraging a rivalry in the pursuits of wealth among a people comparatively unskilled in the art of money-grubbing, his superior talent and experience in that occupation will enable him to turn their efforts to his own advantage.

'He disguises from himself the im-

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morality of the proceeding by the reflection that the introduction of foreign capital will add to the wealth of the country, and increase the material well-being and happiness of the people. But apart from the fallacy that wealth and happiness are synonymous terms, reform of this kind rests on the assumption that natural temperament and religious tendencies of race will lend themselves to a keen commercial rivalry of this description; and if it does not, they, like the Australian and the Red Indian, must disappear before it. Already the process has begun in Europe. The Moslem is rapidly being reformed out of existence altogether. Between the upper and the nether millstone of Russian greed for territory and of British greed for money, and behind the mask of a prostituted Christianity, the Moslem in Europe has been ground to powder; hundreds of thousands of innocent men, women, and children have either perished by violence or starvation, or, are driven from their homes, are now struggling to keep body and soul together as best they can in misery and desolation, crushed beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of "Progress"—their only crime, like that of the poor crossing sweeper, I think, in one of your own novels, that they did not "move on." This is called in modern parlance "the civilizing influence of Christianity." At this moment the Russians are pushing roads through their newly-acquired territory toward Kars. I am informed by an intelligent Moslem gentleman who has just arrived from that district, that the effect of their "civilizing" influence upon the inhabitants of the villages through which these roads pass, is to convert the women into prostitutes and the men into drunkards. No wonder the Mohammedan population is flocking in thousands across the frontier into Turkish territory, abandoning their homes and landed possessions in order to escape the contamination of Anti-Christendom.

'In these days of steam and electricity, not only has the traveler no eye for the moral virtues of a people, but his æsthetic faculties have become blunted; he regards them only as money-making machines, and he esteems them just in the degree in which they excel in the art of wealth-accumulation. Blinded by a selfish utilitarianism, he can now see only barbarism in a country where the landscape is not obscured by the black smoke of factory-chimneys, and the ear deafened by the scream of the locomotive. For him, a people who cling to the manners and customs of a bygone epoch with which their own most glorious traditions are associated, have no charm. He sees in a race which still endeavors to follow the faith of their forefathers with simplicity and devotion, nothing but ignorant fanaticism, for he has long since substituted hypocrisy for sincerity in his own belief. He despises a peasantry whose instincts of submission and obedience induce them to suffer rather than rise in revolt against a government which oppresses them, because the head of it is invested in their eyes with a sacred character. He can no longer find anything to admire or to interest in the contrast between the East and West, but everything to condemn; and his only sympathy is with that section of the population in Turkey who, like him, devote themselves to the study of how much can be made, by fair means or foul, out of their Moslem neighbors.

'While I observe that this change has come over the Western traveler of late years—a change which I attribute to the mechanical appliances of the age—a corresponding effect, ow-

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ing to the same cause, has, I regret to say, been produced upon my own countrymen. A gradual assimilation has been for some time in progress in the East with the habits and customs of the rest of Europe. We are abandoning our distinctive costume, and adapting ourselves to a Western mode of life in many ways. We are becoming lax in the observances of our religion; and it is now the fashion for our women to get their high-heeled boots and bonnets from Paris, and for our youths of good family to go to that city of pleasure, or to one of the large capitals of Europe, for their education. Here they adopt all the vices of Anti-Christendom, for the attractions of a civilization based upon enlightened selfishness are overpoweringly seductive, and they return without religion of any sort — shallow, sceptical, egotistical, and thoroughly demoralized. It is next to impossible for a Moslem youth, as I myself experienced, to come out of that fire uncontaminated. His religion fits him to live with simple and primitive races, and even to acquire a moral control over them; but he is fascinated and overpowered by the mighty influence of the glamour of the West. He returns to Turkey with his principles thoroughly undermined, and, if he has sufficient ability, adds one to the number of those who misgovern it.'

'The two dominant vices which characterize Anti-Christendom are cupidity and hypocrisy. That which chiefly revolts the Turk in this disguised attack upon the morals of his people, no less than upon the very existence of his empire, is, that it should be made under the pretext of morality, and behind the flimsy veil of humanitarianism. It is in the nature of the religious idea that just in proportion as it was originally penetrated with a divine truth, which has become perverted, does it engender hypocrisy. This was so true of Judaism, that when the founder of Christianity came, though Himself a Jew, He scorchingly denounced the class which most loudly professed the religion which they profaned. But the Phariseeism which has made war upon Turkey is far more intense in degree than that which He attacked, for the religion which it profanes contains the most divine truth which the world ever received. Mahomet divided the nether world into seven hells, and in the lowest he placed the hypocrites of all religions. I have now carefully examined into all religions, but as none of them demanded so high a standard from its followers as Christianity, there has not been any development of hypocrisy out of them at all corresponding to that which is peculiar to Anti-Christianity. For that reason I am constrained to think that its contributions to the region assigned to hypocrites by the prophet will be out of all proportion to the hypocrites of other religions.

'In illustration of this, see how the principles of morality and justice are at this moment being hypocritically outraged in Albania, where, on the moral ground that a nationality has an inherent right to the property of its neighbor, if it can make a claim of similarity of race, a southern district of the country is to be forcibly given to Greece; while, in violation of the same principle, a northern district is to be taken from the Albanian nationality, to which by right of race it belongs, and violently and against the will of the people, who are in no way consulted as to their fate, is to be handed over for an annexation to the Montenegrins — a race whom the population to be annexed traditionally hate and detest.

'When Anti-Christendom nations, sitting in solemn congress, can be

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guilty of such prostitution of the most sacred principles in the name of morality, and construct an international code of ethics to be applicable to Turkey alone, which they would one and all refuse to admit or be controlled by themselves — when we know that the internal corruption, the administrative abuses, and the oppressive mis-government of the Power (Russia) which has just made war against us in the name of humanity, have driven the population to despair, and the authorities to the most cruel excesses in order to repress them — and when, in the face of all this most transparent humbug, these Anti-Christian nations arrogate to themselves, on the ground of their superior civilization and morality, the right to impose reform upon Turkey, — we neither admit their pretensions, covet their civilization, believe in their good faith, nor respect their morality.

'Thus it is that, from first to last, the woes of Turkey have been due to its contact with Anti-Christendom. The race is now paying the penalty for that lust of dominion and power which tempted them in the first instance to cross the Bosphorus. From the day on which the tree of empire was planted in Europe, the canker, in the shape of the opposing religion, began to gnaw at its roots. When the Christians within had thoroughly eaten out its vitals, they called on the Christians without for assistance; and it is morally impossible that the decayed trunk can much longer withstand their combined efforts. But as I commenced by saying, had the invading Moslems in the first instance converted the entire population to their creed, Turkey might have even now withstood the assaults of "progress." Nay, more, it is not impossible that her victorious armies might have overrun Europe, and that the faith of Islam might have extended over the whole of what is now termed the civilized world. I have often thought how much happier it would have been for Europe, and unquestionably for the rest of the world, had such been the case. That wars and national antagonisms would have continued is doubtless true; but we should have been saved the violent political and social changes which have resulted from steam and electricity, and have continued to live the simple and primitive life which satisfied the aspirations of our ancestors, and in which they found contentment and happiness, while millions of barbarians would to this day have remained in ignorance of the gigantic vices peculiar to Anti-Christian civilization. *The West would then have been spared the terrible consequences which are even now impending, as the inevitable result of an intellectual progress to which there has been no corresponding moral advance. The persistent violation for eighteen centuries of the great altruistic law propounded and enjoined by the great founder of the Christian religion must inevitably produce a corresponding catastrophe; and the day is not far distant when modern civilization will find that in its great scientific discoveries and inventions, devised for the purpose of ministering to its own extravagant necessities, it has forged the weapons by which it will itself be destroyed.* No better evidence of the truth of this can be found than in the fact that Anti-Christendom alone is menaced with the danger of a great class revolution; already in every so-called Christian country we hear the mutterings of the coming storm, when labor and capital will find themselves arrayed against each other — when rich and poor will meet in deadly antagonism, and the spoilers and the spoiled solve, by means of the most recently invented artillery, the economic problems of modern "progress."

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'It is a remarkable fact, that this struggle between rich and poor is specially reserved for those whose religion inculcates upon them, as the highest law — the love of their neighbor — and most strongly denounces the love of money. No country which does not bear the name of Christian is thus threatened. Even in Turkey, in spite of its bad government and the many Christians who live in it, socialism, communism, nihilism, internationalism, and all kindred forms of class revolution, are unknown, for the simple reason that Turkey has so far, at least, successfully resisted the influence of "Anti-Christian civilization."

'In the degree in which the state depends for its political, commercial, and social well-being and prosperity, not upon a moral but a mechanical basis, is its foundation perilous. When the lifeblood of a nation is its wealth, and the existence of that wealth depends upon the regularity with which railroads and telegraphs perform their functions, it is in the power of a few skilled artisans, by means of a combined operation, to strangle it. Only the other day the engineers and firemen of a few railroads in the United States struck for a week; nearly a thousand men were killed and wounded before the trains could be set running again; millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed. The contagion spread to the mines and factories, and had the movement been more skillfully organized, the whole country would have been in revolution, and it is impossible to tell what the results might have been. *Combinations among the working classes are now rendered practicable by rail and wire, which formerly were impossible; and the facilities which exist for secret conspiracy have turned Europe into a slumbering volcano, an eruption of which is rapidly approaching.*

'Thus it is that the laws of retribution run their course, and that the injuries that Anti-Christendom has inflicted upon the more primitive and simple races of the world, which — under the pretext of civilizing them — it has exploited to its own profit, will be amply avenged. Believe me, my dear friend, that it is under no vindictive impulse or spirit of religious intolerance that I write thus; on the contrary, though I consider Mussulmans generally to be far more religious than Christians, inasmuch as they practise more conscientiously the teaching of their prophet, I feel that teaching from an ethical point of view to be infinitely inferior to that of Christ. I have written, therefore, without prejudice, in this attempt philosophically to analyze the nature and causes of the collision which has at last culminated between the East and West, between so-called Christendom and Islam. And I should only be too thankful if it could be proved to me that I had done the form of religion you profess, or the nation to which you belong, an injustice. I am far from wishing to insinuate that among Christians, even as Christianity is at present professed and practised, there are not as good men as among nations called heathen and barbarous. I am even prepared to admit there are better — for some struggle to practise the higher virtues of Christianity, not unsuccessfully, considering the manner in which these are conventionally travestied; while others, who reject the popular theology altogether, have risen higher than ordinary modern Christian practice by force of reaction against the hypocrisy and shams by which they are surrounded — but these are in a feeble minority, and unable to affect the popular standard. Such men existed among the Jews at the time of Christ,

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but they did not prevent Him from denouncing the moral iniquities of His day, or the Church which countenanced them. At the same time, I must remind you that I shrank from the task which you imposed upon me, and only consented at last to undertake it on your repeated assurances that by some, at all events, of your countrymen, the spirit by which I have been animated in writing thus frankly will not be misconceived.'

[*The Venturer* (English Quaker Monthly), *November*]

ISLAM AND THE ENTENTE

BY H. M. HOWSIN

(*Oriental Editor*)

[This brings the preceding article up to date.]

It is an ominous fact that, wherever the British influence and interest is paramount in the processes of political readjustment, the result has been national disintegration, forcible annexation, and the substitution of new tyrannies rather than the establishing of the principle of self-determination and freedom for weak and oppressed nationalities to which the British government and the British people stand irrevocably committed. We cannot regard this policy as an unfortunate legacy of the war, nor as a temporary aberration of British democracy, since it was consistently and aggressively operative through British Liberal diplomacy in the fateful years preceding the war, with the betrayal of Persia as the conspicuous example and the abandonment of Tripoli to the Italian invader as hardly less infamous. Neither can it be mere coincidence that whenever the spirit of political reformation on democratic lines begins seriously to animate an Eastern, particularly a Mohammedan power, the traditional friendship of England, which decades of unprogressive Conservatism and ineffective misrule leave unimpaired, at once changes to an attitude of distrust and overt hostility.

The radically altered attitude of England toward Turkey synchronized with the social and political upheaval which accompanied the first attempt toward a democratic reform of the whole Turkish policy under the inspiration and guidance of the much criticized party of Union and Progress. While admitting freely and frankly that both in point of policy and personnel the party inevitably labored under grievous handicaps and limitations, it nevertheless evinced an honesty of purpose and determination in the face of almost insuperable difficulties. It frankly appealed to Great Britain as the traditional ally of Turkey and friend of freedom for support and guidance; it was met by open animosity and such obstructive tactics on the part of British statesmen as were successfully calculated to destroy all the stable elements of reform, and leave it a prey to anarchical dissolution. At the same time the ignorance and deliberate isolation of the British Consulate from Turkish interests, aspirations, and affairs, drove Turkey to accept the overture of the more intelligent and sympathetic Germany.

In 1911-12, three Mohammedan states — Morocco, Tripoli, Persia — were successively destroyed by European powers. As illustrative of the response of Western democracy to the call of freedom in the East, the fate of Persia held sinister significance. Perhaps the most remarkable of modern revolutions had been successfully and peaceably effected by the Persian people. 'They changed despotism into democracy in the face of untold obstacles. Opportunities were equalized to such an extent that a man of abil-

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ity could occupy the highest official posts. They showed an unparalleled eagerness for education. Hundreds of schools were established during the constitutional *régime*. A remarkable free press sprang up, with fearless writers denouncing tyranny and injustice, whether from within their country or without' (*The Strangling of Persia*, by Schuster).

The teachings of Christianity were arousing great interest and receiving deep respect, and the people in their passion for progress were preparing for a general acceptance of Western ethical codes. The eyes of all Islam were on Persia; her end was instructive. England and Russia made the famous Anglo-Russian-Persian agreement 'to respect the integrity of Persia.' Each party pledged itself not to seek for themselves or their subjects any concessions of a political or commercial character, and drew up various other clauses designed 'to ensure forever the independence of Persia.' To give full effect to these noble sentiments, Russia, secretly encouraged by Germany, plunged 18,000 troops into the friendly Persian country, and did not desist from wholesale massacre accompanied by the most revolting tortures until every vestige of the new national life had been wiped out. England, under the guidance of Sir Edward Grey — an advanced Liberal — with the ink hardly dry on the Treaty which pledged her to protect Persia — looked on, but retained her sphere of influence, with the excuse of her Foreign Minister, not reassuring to her Moslem subjects that she was not prepared to resist or even threaten Russia, but preferred to betray both her honor and her ancient ally to her traditional enemy.

In the case of Tripoli, by the agreement made with the Sultan, Turkey was entitled to the use of the Egyptian army and could increase it to the requirements of the moment in defence of her own territories. When the question became acute and the Egyptian troops were showing signs of mutiny in their anxiety to resist the Italian invasion, England, desirous to increase her friendship with Italy, and, if possible, weaken the Triple Alliance, sent Lord Kitchener to Egypt to strengthen the British occupation, and to prevent any Egyptian succor being given to the Sultan.

Thus again the British obligations with a Mohammedan power were thrust aside for the political convenience of the moment.

It was thus inevitable that the persuasion that Christian powers had a concerted plot to destroy every Mohammedan nation, which events before the war had more than suggested to Islam, should become an irradicable conviction in the light of the peace terms now forced on Turkey.

On January 5, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George definitely stated that Great Britain was not fighting 'to deprive Turkey of its capital or of the rich and renowned lands of Asia Minor and Thrace, which are predominantly Turkish in race.' Three days later President Wilson stipulated, with the concurrence of Great Britain, 'that the Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured of secure sovereignty, but that other nationalities under Turkish rule should be assured of security of life and autonomous development.' At the time these pledges were given, Great Britain and indirectly all the Allies were depending on the continued support of Mohammedan troops. To-day, by the terms of the Peace Treaty, the Caliph of Islam is a prisoner in Constantinople; the Turkish army is disarmed; the Dardanelles are controlled by British warships. Greece, supported by

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England, has obtained Adrianople, Smyrna, and Thrace.

Turkey has been deprived of her territories in Asia, and so far are non-Turkish nationalities from security of life and autonomous development that they are now the joint plunder of France and Great Britain, the latter responsible for so drastic a system of military despotism in Mesopotamia, that 80,000 British troops are occupied, 'not in guarding the frontiers, but in holding the people down,' while the British people pay out anything upwards of£60,000,000, with an added upwards of £30,000,000 in Persia for these nefarious and futile military adventures, in which every principle is cast to the winds, every pledge violated with a cynical recklessness that proclaims the destruction of Turkish rule not in the interests of world peace, but at the instigation of international financiers who subsidize the gamble in human lives and happiness for the speculative profits latent in the oil fields of Mosul and the granaries of Bagdad.

The establishment, under the general supervision and control of Lord Curzon, of the Middle East department merely accentuates the concerted design to exploit the countries in this area in the interests of capitalist rings. But the employment of Indian troops — chiefly Mohammedan — to subjugate these oriental nationalities, who are challenging Western despotism in their new-found passion for freedom, discloses an aspect of British foreign policy which has received insufficient attention. It is the forced service of one subject race to reduce others to a similar state of slavery, by a degenerate imperialism which, impervious to considerations of honor and responsibility, surrenders decent standards of chivalry and fair play to the dictates of semitic finance.

The platonic assurances of the government and the India Office that, in their negotiations with anti-Turkish policies, they unsuccessfully espoused the Turkish side, neither deceive nor placate Indian opinion, but serve as an irritant to establish an agitation as a permanent and consolidated opposition. The Moslem claim has the solid support of the Hindus. Unless the Turkish peace terms are drastically revised the united people of India will declare themselves in open and perpetual conflict with the government of India, until such time as justice is assured to Turkey, and the insult to Islam redressed.

It is noteworthy that Turkish wrongs have drawn expressions of sympathy from His Holiness the Pope, M. Giolitti, and other European diplomats. That the greatest Mohammedan power in the world, in violation of its repeated pledges, should acquiesce and participate in the destruction of the Turkish Empire, and outrage the spiritual fidelities of 100,000,000 of its subjects, reveals an utter bankruptcy of statesmanship which threatens not merely British security, but that of Western civilization itself.

[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Anglophile Radical Liberal Daily), *November 23*]

THE FIRST WEEK IN GENEVA

BY PAUL SCHEFFER

THE history-making first eight days of the League Assembly are over. It is still easy to take a pessimistic view of its proceedings; it is still difficult to be an optimist, particularly if you are a German. One thing is already obvious; the League of Nations is far from homogeneous. It is an organism capable of great development, of broad constitutional evolution, but it is composed of parts of very unequal importance and

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very different character; just for instance, as in a government, the cabinet, the civil service, and the legislature may be of very unequal ability and efficiency. Here at Geneva, everyone is insisting that the League of Nations is not a superstate. An interesting debate arose over a proposal that the League should issue its own passports, but the suggestion was defeated. None the less, the machinery of the League of Nations is comparable only with the constitutional machinery of an independent government. During its evolution, constitutional controversies will inevitably play an important part in its history. Behind the smoke cloud of official speeches exists indescribable confusion. An enormous mass of materials and proposals has accumulated at Geneva — vividly suggesting what it must have been like at the Tower of Babel—and the confusion of counsels is likely to increase. Nevertheless, the main outlines of the structure which is rising here can already be distinguished and described.

First, the League Assembly. That is organized according to strict parliamentary precedent. What a contrast with Brussels! With a very few exceptions, like Nansen, all the illustrious members have risen to their present prominence through long parliamentary careers at home. This explains why the proceedings have from the outset exhibited expert and professional efficiency. The whole affair is a test of West European parliamentarism, and judged from a purely technical point of view, it has so far been successful.

However, this professionally competent Parliament must, first of all, master its materials. Its members are obliged to act primarily as representatives of their home governments. It is an embarrassing, perturbing thought that it is a parliament of diplomats. Can such a body be really productive? We shall have to wait and see whether the youthful inspiration of true league ideals will be able to make headway against the established traditional methods, interests, and solicitudes of cabinet diplomacy. However, one good sign has already appeared. This is the tendency to form parties at once manifest behind the scenes, and these parties are not slavishly following familiar national groupings. Spain is in close touch with the South American countries. The latter are much more united than ever before, even during their Pan-American meetings. Rather remarkably, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia are working together, and the other Balkan states are drifting into the same channel. It is hard to understand why so many people here assume that, when Germany is admitted, it will join the Balkan group. Quite naturally, the Scandinavians are frank allies, and the Dutch and Swiss representatives show a disposition to stand shoulder to shoulder with those powers. Holland also exhibits a tendency to align itself with the Balkan group, particularly Roumania. Italy is eagerly ingratiating itself with everyone. France is distrustful and on the defensive, but does not wish to figure as an obstructionist. In spite of their single vote, the French really hold the balance of power as matters stand at present. England is intent above all things upon avoiding an open break with her neighbor. Balfour's influence is still held in reserve, and the liberal views championed by Barnes are receiving full expression. Belgium is intermediate between England and France. The most powerful group likely to develop will consist of Great Britain and its Dominions, with the Spanish-speaking countries, which control a great number of votes. In any serious controversy, this group will probably have the majority. Another tendency which

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should not be overlooked is the disposition of the non-European countries to arrange themselves against European countries. From the point of view of a League of Nations, Europe is the continent most open to attack. Furthermore, England must keep a sharp eye upon the independent tendencies of its Dominions. For instance, Japan — as polite and observant as ever — and India will get along very well together. Great Britain's power upon the whole is due to its being the natural mediator between European and non-European countries. It is hard to conceive Great Britain in a minority. Of course all these combinations are likely to shift in the most unanticipated way at any moment, but their very existence gives an entirely new aspect to international policy as mirrored in the Geneva League Assembly.

A person must use the words 'majority' and 'minority' with great caution in describing this Parliament. It is certain that France, dominated simultaneously by fear and ambition, would withdraw from the League and thus destroy it were its national interests not sufficiently consulted. No one wants that. The undeniable danger that France will withdraw is the greatest peril, but not the only peril, which faces the Assembly. Disarmament, the mandates — in respect to the latter of England's attitude, to say the least, is not very edifying — raw material monopolies, admission of new members, the relation between the Council and the Assembly, are all explosive questions. In addition, the Assembly will have to deal with a multitude of lesser problems, holding countless possibilities of unsuspected friction. So that body faces a gigantic task, which cannot be performed unless the old diplomatic methods used during the war and armistice are greatly simplified and amplified. Optimists say that all this is perfectly natural at the outset of a task which the people of the world, much as they desire to see it undertaken, considered until recently Utopian; and that only unthinking visionaries could expect it to be otherwise. They interpret the seriousness of these difficulties as a blessing; a proof that the results will be worth while.

Not only enthusiasts, but practical and experienced men of optimistic vision — although the latter are not over numerous — see the situation from the rosier point of view I have just described. Many of them are connected with the League's Secretariat, the Central Administrative Bureau of the new government — or perhaps a better term would be its Chancery. The duties of this office are supposed to be only technical; but it is, in fact, the balance wheel of the whole machine. Its splendid organization forms the backbone of the League. A number of offices devoted to international welfare work belong to this body; the bureaus for war-prisoner relief, for fighting epidemics, for regulating international communications — a gigantic enterprise in itself — the temporary finance and economic commissions — these are a firm prop for the League of Nations, evidently intended to prevent its overthrow. Beyond question, the League cannot accomplish its full mission until the Secretariat is completely organized. That will take one or two years longer. Naturally it has been hampered so far by the international policies of different governments. It has no supreme executive head as yet. But it possesses the immense advantage of being the sole permanently functioning organ of the League, and therefore it alone has full knowledge of all the League's activities. We most assuredly find here a group of honest men unreservedly devoted to promoting a true League of Nations.

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Such anger, and quite just anger, as has existed hitherto in Germany and elsewhere regarding the League of Nations can logically be directed only against the Council of the League. That body has hitherto been the sole authority. It must now render an accounting of its labors to the Assembly. Beyond question, at the present stage of its debates, the Assembly is immeasurably more conciliatory, more truly representative of the League idea than the Council — that monstrous cross between a shepherd among nations and a wolf among nations — has ever been. How then will the Council take the opinions of the Assembly? According to President Motta, its constitutional relation to the Assembly is 'unique'; but it certainly has more sovereign attributes, in comparison with the legislative branch, than are given the cabinet in any existing civilized government. So far it has shown itself very accessible and conciliatory, and has submitted beforehand to the decisions of the Assembly's committees dealing with specific questions. Of course representatives of the governments which have members in the Council sit in every one of those committees, and defend their government's interests. Those representatives, furthermore, propose amendments in the Assembly itself, to the very resolutions of the committees which they themselves have drafted. One of the principal duties at Geneva will be to clarify procedure on this point. At least the Council must be called to task personally by the Assembly, instead of hovering over it. A powerful movement has started in favor of creating a permanent executive.

Beyond doubt, it is unquestionably an excellent thing that Germany is not represented here at the present session. A member of the Assembly who is not given to paradoxes recently said: 'Germany has more influence here as an absentee than it would have as a member.' Both directly and indirectly, Germany's case is being presented in every possible form, precisely because it is not represented at the session. We can well afford to wait in patience. It is clear that Geneva, like Brussels, is ever conscious of the unsettled reparation question. Both our friends and enemies are agreed as a matter of course that Germany's admission must be at its own request, as prescribed by the Covenant itself. However, a resolution has been suggested, to be brought up at the time Austria and Bulgaria are admitted, affirming the desirability that all countries become members. So far as our notes to the League of Nations Secretariat are concerned, the one relating to Eupen and Malmedy was very timely. The one regarding the mandates has elicited some surprise, because Germany has lost its colonies in any case; and because their disposition is a matter solely within the jurisdiction of the League of Nations, of which Germany is not a member. But the present prospect is that both notes will be read before the Assembly. It is impressed upon a person here every hour that we shall not enter this circle for a long time to come, and that our admission will be delayed by misunderstandings rather than by ill-will.

[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Anglophile Radical Liberal Daily), *November 13*]

MEMORIAL DAY IN PARIS

BY PAUL BLOCK

[The author, an old-time Paris correspondent and more recently Supplement Editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, has just returned to Paris as correspondent for that paper.]

GAMBETTA'S heart was buried today in the Pantheon — the heart of the man who admonished his conquered people, 'Keep thinking, but don't

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talk!' It will rest in France's Temple of Fame; for at length the wound of 1870 is healed by the glory of 1918, and Frenchmen are now free 'to talk.' This formal transfer to the home of the great dead is a gesture in an age which has lost faith in gestures; but it does not lack dignity, and we Germans, who have had no Gambetta in our hour of defeat, have no reason to ridicule this nation's gratitude to the man who kept vigil over its sacred fire. No one ventured to criticize the honor done Gambetta, not even the Socialist press. But much opposition was aroused to the second ceremony planned in memory of the recent victory; the solemn interment of the body of an unknown soldier, a nameless victim of the Battle of Verdun, as a symbolic honor to the great rank and file of the army, whose glory is immortalized only in the name of its leaders.

L'Humanité called it infamous to use the bones of an unknown proletarian to glorify war. Other newspapers protested against interring an unknown person in the Pantheon, the place reserved for famous Frenchmen — to which one paper replied quite truly that there was many a man among these famous Frenchmen whose name the people have utterly forgotten. After long debate and indecision, it was decided at the last hour, to the satisfaction of all except the anti-militarists, that the heart of famous Gambetta should be borne on the same bier with the wooden coffin containing the humble remains of the unknown soldier through the *Arc de Triomphe* to the Pantheon, where it should be received with formal speeches and solemn music, and then returned for half a day to the *Arc de Triomphe* to receive the homage of the multitude. After this ceremony the people were to disperse to less solemn celebrations — to public dances and bright illuminations, while the remains of the two dead, the great and the humble, were quietly to be interred, one in the Pantheon and the other under the Arc itself.

They can now rest, both of them; the war is really over.

I personally witnessed the public part of the celebration. I was in the Pantheon, at *Place de la Concorde* and at the *Arc de Triomphe*, and the impressive military spectacle probably affected me, a German, temperamentally fond of such exhibitions, quite as much as it did the French. Yet I must say, with a feeling of surprise and shock, that it was a spectacle and, alas, nothing more. Where was the enthusiasm which I had seen in the same place on other far less important historical occasions? Was its absence due to the chilly November weather? Or are the common people of France, like those of Germany, weary of warlike displays?

When the column crossed Pont de la Concorde and turned into the great square, and Gambetta's catafalque and the poilu's coffin covered with the tricolors defiled through a host of fluttering banners past the monument to recovered Strassburg, I expected to hear the thunder of thousands of voices shouting *Vive la France!* until the passing military music became inaudible. Instead I only heard the calculating conversation of some men who had erected a stand for spectators, and were going to lose money on their venture. Prices were speedily run down from ten francs to one franc a seat.

Likewise, some hours later, at the *Arc de Triomphe*, there was not the slightest display either of enmity to Germany or of patriotic enthusiasm. The crowd watched the catafalque pass in apathetic silence, except for one pathetic touch — the many women in black, both the distinguished and the humble, who did honor to the un-

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known soldier because they thought, 'Perhaps he's ours.'

This combined Memorial Day and Victory Celebration was imposing, and from the artistic standpoint worthy of the incomparable setting which Paris gave it. But the patriotic enthusiasm I anticipated was absent. The French people, like all other people, are satiated with military sensations. They seek only to labor, to earn money, to live at peace. The four hundred generals loitering around Paris will have to find new occupations.

However, it would be a folly and a crime for the Germans who make windy harangues at *Schützenfests*, and who enthused in the old days over Wilhelm's histrionic capers, to imagine that this celebration of France's victory is an insult or a threat to us. Naturally the French are right in honoring a man whose patriotic fervor and passionate resolve inspired the nation with undying hope in its darkest days. Quite naturally France does right to celebrate a victory, which we would have celebrated fully as enthusiastically and noisily had we won the war.

One thing more. We Germans, too, have reason to lay a wreath on Gambetta's tomb — not a wreath of gratitude, but a wreath of self-consecration. Gambetta's admonition: 'Keep thinking, but don't talk,' is one we, too, should take to heart. We, too, must bend all our efforts to our national salvation. I do not mean a war of revenge. Only blinded fools contemplate that. Let it be repeated a thousand times, our salvation lies in work, and in work alone. Labor, not protests and reproaches, will save us. Let us waste no paper on useless scheming. Let us not imitate street-corner beggars, who advertise their misery to get charity. Let us labor and wait. Our time will come the sooner, the more honorable we are to others and ourselves.

That is the lesson of Gambetta's heart. As I stood at the Pantheon and saw the great men of the Republic doing homage to the dead Republican, I thought of another heart in the Pantheon, which also has a lesson for us.

More than ten years ago Emile Zola was interred in the Pantheon. But at that time there was no solemn procession, no national festivity. Late at night, with sparse attendance, the coffin was taken from its grave in Montmartre Cemetery, placed in a closed hearse, and secretly conveyed to the Pantheon. For the streets of Montmartre and the square before the Pantheon were in possession of a shrieking, raging mob, shouting *Conspuez Zola* and *A bas Clemenceau*. All the chauvinist shouters of Paris were in the streets, intent on assaulting his 'Resurrectionists' and throwing the great author's remains into the Seine, and preventing an honor to the defender of Dreyfus.

Now Zola's heart rests beside that of Gambetta, and the man who ponders on the noble eloquence of the latter should not forget the words with which Zola concluded his story of defeated France: '*et Jean, le plus humble et le plus douloureux, s'en alla marchant à l'avenir, à la grande et rude besogne de toute une France à refaire.*'

Like poor Jean, let us take up our march to the future, solely intent upon the hard and great labor of building up again a united Germany, an intact Germany, and a new Germany.

[*Le Populaire* (Paris Moderate Socialist Daily), *November 26*]

THE VANDERLIP CONTRACT

BY JEAN LONGUET

It is unnecessary to emphasize the importance of the statement which the Prime Minister made yesterday to the Committee on Foreign Affairs

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regarding the resumption of trade with Russia. It amounts to an official admission of the failure of the stupid blockade policy, which has caused untold suffering in Russia, which is directly responsible for the death of hundreds of thousands of old men, women, and children from cold and hunger; which has deprived the sick of medicines and the hospitals of anæsthetics and disinfectants; which has paralyzed transportation, and ruined industry.

Let us not imagine, however, that tardy remorse has produced this change of front. Our rulers are incapable of that sentiment. The first reason is the fact that Wrangel has been crushed and the Red army everywhere victorious. The second reason, and a still more urgent one, is economic — the crisis which exists in the European and American business world as a result of stopping trade with Russia. Last of all, our Cabinet is moved by apprehension lest others more alert, enterprising, and intelligent than we are, get the start of us in Russian trade.

Recently, the press announced briefly the arrival in London of Mr. Washington B. Vanderlip, an American capitalist and mining engineer, who had just concluded with the Soviet Republic what he calls 'the biggest deal in the history of the world.'

In an interview with a representative of the *Daily Herald*, this enterprising and hard-headed Yankee gives a remarkable sketch of the immense transaction he has just successfully brought to a head with the rulers of revolutionary Russia. It embraces two groups of operations. First, Mr. Vanderlip has obtained from Moscow gigantic concessions in Eastern Siberia and the Kamchatka Peninsula, a country rich in fish, coal, and above all in petroleum. The Vanderlip syndicate is to develop these resources subject to conditions agreed upon with the Bolshevist rulers. On the other side, the latter have agreed to buy from this syndicate goods to the value of $3,000,000,000, to be delivered in the course of the next three years.

In order to appreciate what these figures represent, we should bear in mind that the exports from the United States to the Allied countries during the war amounted to only about $1,000,000,000 a year. In other words, Russia has contracted for goods equivalent to all the purchases contracted for by the Allied governments during 1921, 1922, and 1923.

Our British interviewer quite naturally inquired of Mr. Vanderlip if he had left any business for Great Britain. The American capitalist reassured him saying that no arrangement had been made for textiles, observing: 'During my stay in Russia, I did not see a single man who did not need new clothes. Furthermore, Russia ought to have immediately 17,000 additional locomotives. We propose to deliver only 5000.'

Mr. Vanderlip spoke in a very complimentary way of the Russian officials with whom he dealt, testifying to their fairness and integrity in connection with the great contracts they signed. He describes conditions in Moscow as somewhat different from those of which we have been told by some travelers. He resided there two months and thinks it 'one of the liveliest towns in the world.' Although everything is strictly rationed, the people are not, according to his account, starving and they seem in good health. He testifies that drunkenness, vice, and disorder are practically unknown, although there are very few police. In walking more than

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a mile, Mr. Vanderlip met but one policeman.

It is very obvious that business transactions on the scale here proposed cannot be undertaken and carried out without the consent of the American government. It follows then, that capitalist America, which more than any other country except reactionary France, hates Socialism in general and Russian Bolshevism in particular, has made up its mind to trade with Red Russia. No one will infer from this that a great liking for the Soviet Republic has been suddenly conceived by the United States. That country is moved by very practical considerations of an exclusively material character.

Our esteemed comrade, Paul Hanna, Washington correspondent of the New York *Call* and other American Socialist newspapers, reports in an issue of the *Call* which has just reached Paris, an interview which he recently had with one of the Republican leaders at the capital. This public man said, quite as a matter of course, that trade would be resumed promptly between the United States and Russia.

'This country must resume trade with Russia or practically cease exporting. Trade with foreign countries is, and always will be, essentially a barter of commodities. Recently, Western Europe has been taking most of our exports, sending us manufactured goods in exchange, and making up the deficit in gold. Now, two years after the armistice, Western Europe has no manufactures and no raw materials to ship us. America is in the position of a merchant whose patrons have become bankrupt. Our exports are ceasing and our shops and factories are shutting down.

'Even if the value of French, Italian, German, and British money had not declined, it would be difficult for Europe to buy in our markets, inasmuch as a country cannot really buy abroad with money alone. It always purchases by an exchange of goods, money merely serving to equalize the balances. But with Europe void of merchandise, with a franc worth only seven cents, with a mark worth less than two cents, trade is utterly impossible. So the United States must find new customers or cease to export. Russia is the only field left open.'

This gentleman added that a big manufacturer in New York State, whose warehouses were packed with goods which Europe could not buy, had made up his mind to seek an outlet in Russia, which can pay partly in gold and partly in raw materials — in what this man called 'key products' for manufacturing, which cannot be obtained elsewhere. This prominent Republican added, in conclusion:

'Now that hard times are upon us, and unemployment and failures are multiplying, and winter is coming on, we are going to end this absurd policy of Wilson's with regard to Russia, a policy that does nothing but injure ourselves.'

Here in France, where the business crisis is far more serious than it is across the Atlantic, where unemployment is reaching enormous proportions, where business and manufacturing circles are already in acute distress, we need the Russian market even more than do the Americans. The gentlemen in power are beginning to see the truth. But as invariably happens, we are getting into the field behind the Americans and behind the English, and — as always is the case also — we get only the leavings.

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[*Frankfurter Zeitung* (Radical Liberal Daily), *November 7*]

GERMAN AFTERTHOUGHTS

[The following leader summarizes ably the fruits of Liberal Germany's recent experience and reflection on the second anniversary of the Armistice.]

THERE is a passage in the letters of Fontane the prophetic insight of which will strike the German who reads it now, after two years of successive disaster have taught us instinctively to dread the comings of the morrow. It was written in the autumn of 1893, at a time when Wilhelm II was filling the land with the noisy indiscretions of his early reign, to the sullen accompaniment of fallen Bismarck's angry speeches. Fontane referred to Germany's still precarious situation and the deep misgivings prevailing among our people. Sympathizing with the latter, the poet wrote to a friend:

> The possible loss of all we have so gloriously won between 1864 and 1870 is openly discussed, and though we keep on adding men to our army by the hundred thousand, and voting additional hundreds of millions for the budget, no one feels that the country is safe; nor will he feel so no matter how much of this sort of thing we do. What we have won may be lost. Bavaria may again go its own way. The Rhine country may desert us. East and West Prussia may do the same. The kingdom of Poland — I think very probably sooner or later — may be restored. These are not merely bilious fancies. They are things which can happen within a few months if 'Europe once breaks loose,' and which every serious-minded German sees are possible.

This was written only twenty years before the outbreak of the World War. How appallingly public opinion was corrupted during those two decades! Wilhelm II with his boastful ostentation, his love of show, his blindness to reality, his incapacity for sane government, won a complete victory. Most of our ruling classes gladly joined his following. Those who resisted at first were swept off their feet by the flood of gold which business prosperity brought us. As our trade balances enlarged, our civic conscience and moral courage lessened. Our political vigor, intellectual independence, idealism, and cosmopolitan sympathies were atrophied. What more could we ask? Had we not grown great, rich, and powerful? We were indeed all these things so long as we dealt wisely with our neighbors and were alive to the perils of our artificial prosperity, founded on a narrow, encircled continental territory and uninterrupted intercourse with the rest of the world — so long as we did not forget what twenty years before every serious-minded German said was possible. However, we did forget these things, and the war came. We continued to forget them, and the war was prolonged for more than five years, until the wells of our strength ran dry, until the victory of our opponents was absolute, until our collapse was hopeless and complete. But when defeat overwhelmed us, the men who had led us to the verge of the precipice reviled us and declared: 'It was the German people who stabbed our army in the back; it was the revolution which caused our disaster!'

That is a lie. We know to-day, better than we did two years ago, that what happened in November, 1918, was no true revolution. Conditions both at home and abroad made that impossible. And every later effort to

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convert that incident into a revolution proved futile.

Kropotkin, the great Russian revolutionist, whom the present Moscow government seems willing should starve, wrote that two things are necessary for a revolution; revolutionary ideas among the educated, and revolutionary acts by the commons. Both were present in France in 1789.

Two great currents prepared the nation for the revolution, brought on that event, and saw it through. One was a current of ideas, a flood of new thoughts, a vision of political regeneration, among the middle classes. The other, the current of action, came from the peasants and the city proletariat who sought an immediate and radical betterment in their condition. When these two currents met and joined forces, a revolution came.

The mind of the middle classes was long prepared for a revolution; the philosophers, school teachers, and political economists of the eighteenth century had blazed the way. Its objects were well defined; political freedom, constitutional government, and Parliamentary representation, instead of absolute monarchy; middle-class equality instead of a privileged nobility and clergy; free competition instead of government fettered trade. Simultaneously, the masses saw the social aims of revolution as vividly as the educated saw its politicals aims; liberation of the peasantry, who were then the real proletariat, for the city industrial proletariat was comparatively unimportant; abolition of feudal burdens, tithes, and servile obligations; and free farms for all. The objects of the revolution were therefore definite. Above all, these objects could be gained by revolution, and in no other way. Political rights could be won for disenfranchised classes only by a new constitution set up by force. The peasants could get their freedom only by a general rising, demanding their rights, and forcing the feudal lords to renounce their titles and to abolish feudal dues. That was real revolution. So far as it was truly revolutionary and not merely a dramatic blare of trumpets, so far as it conformed with the thought and the social needs of the period, it succeeded in spite of temporary defeats, and of the reaction which inevitably follows every great historical overturn.

What happened in Germany, in November, 1918, was entirely different. It was merely a spasm of military and economic palsy. It was not the product of serious preparation, of definite aims, of conscious thinking directed toward a specific goal. It merely expressed the fact that the old German government had become hopelessly rotten and had collapsed of its own weight. No new theory of government had captured the minds of the public; we merely returned to the old eternal truths of democratic liberty and self-government. Ideas always latent in the minds of the people were accepted as self-evident. Arbitrary government was judged and found wanting, wrecked by its own supporters. There was no choice but to create a democratic republic. Therefore, the political object of this so-called 'revolution' was secured without a struggle. It was the normal outcome of the collapse of the old system. All the nation was called upon to do was to develop and protect democracy. Since the political issue thus settled itself, the social problem present in every revolution at once assumed primary importance.

Hereupon appeared the real, the true tragedy of this German 'revolution': the failure of Marxian socialism. For decades the theories of Marx had held undisputed sway over the minds of millions of German workingmen, giving the latter an exclusively materialist conception of history and converting them to the dogma of the class struggle. But the moment when these

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German workingmen were ready to take control of the government, the learned exponents of Marx began to dispute violently over how they should employ their power. Marxism as a political doctrine is nothing but negation of the existing system. It was now called upon to state positively what it would set up in place of that system. The French revolution of 1789 had a clearly thought-out constructive programme. The German 'revolution' of November, 1918, started out by confessing that it had no positive programme. The whole theory was false, because it did not know what it wanted. It was doubly false, for even its negative objects could not be attained by revolution. This emphasizes a second radical difference between 1789 and 1918. It is not our economic ruin, the inevitable consequence of years of warfare, which prevents the Marxians from putting their ideas in practice, as they now insist. Economic ruin and chaos ruled in France before and during its revolution. That country experienced famine and wild profiteering, state bankruptcy and insane inflation of the currency. What determined the different outcome in the two instances is something else. It is the difference between feudalism and capitalism, between an agricultural country and an industrial country. In an agricultural country, you can abolish feudalism by law and if necessary by force. If, during a revolution in France or in Russia, peasants expel proprietors, burn their châteaux and mansions, and divide up the land, a new system of production at once succeeds the old one. Cattle multiply and the fields bear crops. But in an industrial state, while you can destroy capitalism, you simultaneously destroy production and the subsistence of the people. Workingmen may indeed coerce the superintendents of factories and shops. They can levy great contributions upon them. But they cannot change the system itself. If the employees, as they recently did in Italy, seize factories by force, they may be able to keep the proprietors out of possession; but the chimneys no longer smoke and machinery soon stops. We must recognize this truth. In a feudal, agrarian land the existing system can be overthrown by a single revolutionary act; in a capitalist, industrial state, the existing system can be changed only by gradual reforms dealing individually with a multitude of particular problems. The outcome may be very revolutionary, in the same sense that the rise of modern capitalism itself was a revolutionary event, as the war was a revolutionary influence, as the present chaos in international exchange is producing a revolution, as a radical transformation of mental attitudes on the part of peoples and classes may produce a revolution. But the method is not revolutionary in the true sense of the word. It is evolutionary. Only gradual reforms steadily pushed forward by the common people, and aiming at specific distant goals, can produce the change.

Since what we call the November 'revolution' had finished its real task when it swept away the débris of the old arbitrary government, we ought to have been ready very shortly to start on this path of evolutionary progress. That called for the union of all who were determined to abolish hereditary rulers, who honestly desired social reform, and who sought to reconstruct Germany on a democratic foundation of liberty and equal rights; a union of wage earners and employers, of peasants and scholars, to abolish rank and privilege, and to restore the conscious, mental and moral community of the nation. But we could not thus unite. Consequently, we do not yet know whether we are on the road to new re-

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action or to more radical revolution, either of which will utterly ruin us, or whether we are at last on the path toward recovery. Our people are for the time being mentally at sea. They wander hopelessly in the dark. It is the second tragic feature of what we call the German 'revolution'; that the madness of the conqueror does not leave us in peace to perfect our democracy at leisure, that the indifference and wrong-headedness of the world continue to push our people toward despair.

Simply observe the billboards in a German city to-day. If an unknown lecturer advertises a talk on some indifferent subject, let us say the relations of the sexes, the crowd throngs to hear him as if the whole weal and woe of the nation hung on this single point. He has to repeat his lecture a half dozen or a dozen times. People will pack Christian Science meetings to-day, and Spiritualist lectures to-morrow. And so it goes. To be sure, there are quieter and deeper currents moving among us. Numbers have freed themselves from the materialistic obsessions of pre-war times, and are trying seriously to cultivate the higher values of life. But this does not help the government in the present emergency. The worthiest of our people are turning away from public service and political affairs, leaving them in the hands of reactionary or radical extremists. These extremists capitalize the despair of the masses, and misuse it for their selfish ends.

A Russian poet, Victor Panin, has written a novel upon present Russia, entitled *The Hour of Trial*. In this book, the first truly literary production which has reached us from the blockaded realm of the Bolsheviki, occur these sentences; sentences which Germany might well use to proclaim its own condition to the world:

> We need help not so much to save our lives as to preserve the faith of a hundred million people in the existence of truth and goodness. Otherwise, our hearts will die of their burden of bitterness, and we shall perish cursing life and our fellow men. That is the most frightful thing of all — to perish thus despairing.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A LETTER

WHILE reading the London *Times* one morning, I discovered a lawsuit and a letter. I am printing this letter because I have seldom seen a bit of writing in whose wording the author's nationality is more clearly stamped, and because it will offer food for thought to those who insist that English and American speech are identical. How many of our readers, we wonder, have read Mr. Rupert Hughes's eloquent and soundly reasoned plea for preserving a genuinely national flavor in American speech, or perused Mr. Henry Mencken's revealing book *The American Language*. Yet the question which these gentlemen have raised day by day becomes a genuine issue. And this issue, as I understand it, is — shall we hold fast to the strictest British standard of speech or shall we admit American-born words and turns of speech into the book of good usage? Shall we be shadows or ourselves?

The writer confesses to a genuine sympathy with Mr. Hughes's attitude. He would have us hold fast to the traditional grammatic usage, yet eager and alert to give our vocabulary and our general speech any richness and color of American origin. It is time for a revolt against the apologetic, the colonial attitude, just as it is time for a certain class of Americans to cease pretending to be imitation Londoners.

But now for the letter. Observe how familiar the words, yet how British the *feel* of it. A certain Mr. D—— is writing to his landlord, Mrs. Gill, complaining that her agent and rent collector is not keeping certain other tenants in order. The agent, aggrieved at the letter, sues the writer and is awarded damages.

DEAR MADAM: I trust that you will pardon me for sending direct the April rent for this flat. The present representative at Hornsey of your agents, Messrs. Stoate and Stanley, is not up to his work, and, if I may say so, it is a pity to pay commission when no services are rendered in return.

For a year and a half we have endured torture owing to the unnecessary tumult overhead. Mr. Sinclair tramps about the greater part of the morning in heavy boots doing housework. At night Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair go to the 'Pictures,' and a relation comes in tramping about and doing ironing and so forth, or Mr. Sinclair goes to one of his clubs, comes home late, and talks loudly into the small hours of the morning.

The children are provided with unsuitable toys for those who are not taken out — a doll's pram and a large toy motor-car which are incessantly wheeled about over our heads. There is a constant succession of banging and shouting relations. Even when the Sinclairs go away their place is taken by Mrs. Sinclair's sister (a virago who delights in annoying people), her husband, and child. This woman's husband is in the printing trade, has to get up at six o'clock in the morning, and apparently thinks it necessary to wake us up as well. These creatures are in possession now.

At times Mr. Sinclair uses the premises as a warehouse, huge packing cases being dumped into the narrow hall here. A small select flat like this is not suitable for Mr. Sinclair and his kidney. What he needs is a Rowton House. The ceiling in our kitchen is coming down owing to the banging overhead, and a gas mantle only lasts an evening or two. They don't do their duty by the drains. All this has been repeatedly told to your agent's representative.

But, as indicated above, he is hopelessly incompetent. A warning from him to the Sinclairs stating that, in spite of the housing problem, people can still be ejected for habitually making their neighbors' lives unbearable would probably have resulted in a mitigation of the nuisance. But he won't do anything.

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'They don't do their duty by the drains'— a telling sentence. An American letter would have been less humorous, but more vivid.

Grand Duke as Dramatist

ERNST LUDWIG, ex-Grand Duke of Hesse, has emerged from his retirement in a new and noteworthy rôle. Under the pseudonym E. K. Ludhard he has published a *Mystery in Dramatic Form*, which has been accepted for performance at the German playhouse at Hamburg. The work is of a strongly religious character, and offers consolation to those bereaved by the war. Its central figure is Christ, who appears under the name of 'Mediator,' to bring comfort to a family who have lost son and brother in battle. His message is that 'for the eye of the soul' there is no death, and that faith can give absolute certainty of continuous community with the departed. In the climax of the piece a dead man appears to lift the black veil from his mother's shoulders, and she 'spreads out her arms as if relieved from a burden.'

For many years past the Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig has been known as an eager encourager of art. His open-mindedness on this subject was not always very happy in its results, for under his encouragement there grew up in Darmstadt a residential quarter in which some of the houses looked as if they had been turned upside down.

A Christmas Book for the Blind

OUT of a mass of books that come from the publishers at this season is one that attracts attention to itself by its form. The big page plates excite curiosity. Such an illustrated book has never been seen before. It is *A Picture Book for the Blind*. The title tells its main purpose, but its appeal goes out to the sighted as well. How can it fail there? It is the only picture book of its kind in the world, designed for those whose fingers are their eyes. The National Institute for the Blind, 224–6–8, Great Portland Street, W. 1, is responsible for the enterprise.

A Cry from the Gallery

THE recent revival of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* was so successful that voices from the gallery were heard bawling, 'Author! Author!' Let us hope that Francis Beaumont Gent. and his collaborator heard the call at their seats in the Inn of Paradise.

Another Language Question

A DISTINGUISHED London clergyman has two maids both named Kate. One is a Cockney, the other a Scot. The difficulty of distinguishing the two is solved by the easy method of calling one Kite and the other Kate. No confusion ever arises.

The Robbery at Lake Como

THE *Chronicle* tells of the theft of the famous Byzantine silver cross and other ecclesiastical treasures kept at Gravedona on Lake Como, which the thieves broke into small pieces and sold for melting down:

> Extraordinary psychological imbecility is revealed in the fact that although the cross alone is valued at 1,000,000 francs (over £40,000), the wretched perpetrators of this sacrilege turned over the entire collection to the silversmith for 510 francs (£21), and so realized £7 apiece for their pains.

It reads singularly like a parable of the dealings of the Bolsheviki with Russian civilization.

A New Book by Mr. Balfour

A NEW book by Mr. Balfour is a distinct event in the literary world and *Essays, Speculative and Historical*, which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just published at 12*s.* 6*d.* net,

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breaks a five years' silence. These silences are not uncommon with Mr. Balfour, for after his first book, *A Defense of Philosophic Doubt*, which made its appearance forty-one years ago, fourteen years intervened before he gave to the world *Essays and Addresses* in 1893, followed by *Foundations of Belief* in 1895. Another eight years passed and then came *Economic Notes on Insular Trade*, after which his publications became fairly regular until 1906, when there was another break of nine years.

The present volume is a collection of essays, lectures, and occasional papers written during the last twelve years, divided into two groups, 'Speculative' and 'Political.' The latter deal chiefly with Germany, and range in date from 1912 to 1918, including the British reply to President Wilson's request for a statement of the objects of the Entente Powers in the war.

Down with the Classics!

A LETTER from Sir Harry Johnston to the editor of the *New Statesman:*

SIR: Absence in the North of England, where the *New Statesman* is slow in penetrating, prevented my seeing 'Affable Hawk's' article, which contained an unusually vivid exposure of the nineteenth-century youth's waste of time over the classics. I therefore only read it to-day, concurrently with the protests it has aroused among the surviving champions of the classics.

To persons like myself, 'Affable Hawk's' article was a case of converting the converters or the long-converted. We could not help regarding it as a biologist or geologist of 1920 must have estimated the realization of evolution or the rejection of the incrusted Babylonian myths in religion by Canon Barnes — very creditable and heartening, but very belated.

But the protests are exasperating, for the protesters reproduce arguments as stale or as false as those used by the plumage traders in their defense of an iniquitous trade. They cannot see the disproportionate value to-day of 'classical' studies weighed against the thousand other studies which have come under our consideration since 1820. They do not realize that the tiny modicum of historical, ethnological, or ethical value in the Greek and Latin classics could be taught in about six out of the annual 1,680 hours a year devoted to education. A few specialists in comparative literature, in ancient history or prehistory, in numismatics, philology, the growth of religious ideas, and the origin of laws, arts, and sciences might go deeper into Greek and Latin prose and poetry. But the utility of such studies to most persons in the twentieth century is very small.

It is because the dons and schoolmasters have learned — alas! — nothing else, that they still plead for the privilege of wasting young people's time and brains over these early efforts of Mediterranean man to philosophize on very little data, on these very dreary comedies with their Neolithic humor, these unreal tragedies, these concocted histories, this turgid poetry with its stale tropes and inapposite similes.

If there are beautiful thoughts, sudden perceptions of undying truths, original apothegms and genuine wit in Latin and Greek, are there not sentences equally pregnant of value in the Ila language of South Central Africa as translated by the Reverend Edwin Smith in his just issued book? The Smithsonian Institute has published during the last ten years a series of ethnological studies of North Amerindian languages in which appear translations of Red Indian songs, stories, and discourses that contain a philosophy as noteworthy in expression, in penetration, and glimpse of basic truth as anything to be found in the supposi-

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titious dialogues of Plato. Almost the only book in classical Latin which is of real enchaining, human interest is the *Golden Ass of Apuleius*. And that is mainly read for its obscenity.

The structure of classical Latin is so astonishingly perverse in its dislocation of the natural order of words in a sentence that were it not for the inscriptions left by unliterary soldiers one might almost imagine it a 'literary' tongue, devised so as not to be understood by the vulgar. It is thus impossible as a universal language. And when attempts were made in the Middle Ages by clerics and lay lawyers to write it in a reasonable manner the resultant tongue was styled 'Low Latin.' Nevertheless, some knowledge of its vocabulary — especially of Monkish Latin — is useful for those who are seeking to acquire a sound knowledge of the modern romance tongues. And Romaic — Modern Greek — is one of the important languages of the Mediterranean and Near East. On those grounds, and on no others, these languages should be learned. As to the literature locked up in classical Latin and Greek, translations fortunately pullulate of all the more important authors. These translations were the only atonement made for their wasted lives by scores of masters of colleges, Bishops of the Church of England, headmasters of public schools, or Victorian statesmen. From such translations there can be rapidly conveyed to those curious as to the Mediterranean element in our culture a comprehensive and fairly accurate idea of the vapid, diffuse, confused, reiterated, ill-founded philosophies, sentiments, ideals, records, and aspirations of the Greeks and Romans who lived between 1000 B.C. and A.D. 500.

But those last defenders of the classics whom we allow to linger on the stage should not anger and provoke the modernists by speaking of their favorite studies as 'the humanities,' or advance them as an antidote to materialism. The 'humanities' in education comprise everything that bears directly on the body and mind of the human species, and should commence with the inculcation of anthropology. An ignorance of anthropology lies at the back of all the maladministration of the British Empire, in Ireland as in East Africa, in Asia as in Tropical America; and it is the main cause of international discord. Yours, etc.,

H. H. JOHNSTON.

And a Story 'Pour en Finir'

HE was from Scotland, and was making his first visit to London. Being a true-blooded Scot, he was very slow to acknowledge that London had anything in the way of buildings or parks to beat Edinburgh. But after seeing the Cenotaph he began to waver, though he still hesitated, seeking for a way out. The climax came with dramatic suddenness when his host took him along the embankment near Waterloo Bridge after nightfall. Across the river he caught sight of Dewar's bonnie Scotchman illuminated from head to toe, whose smile came beaming over the dark, gliding water. 'Mon,' he cried, 'that beats all. There's nathin' in Scotland like that. I'll give in.'

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[*The Observer*]

ON LEARNING TO WRITE PLAYS

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

A GOOD play has the effect of making me feel (*a*) that it must have been very easy to write, and (*b*) that I shall immediately write one as good as, if not better than, it is. A bad play makes me feel that only by the most extraordinary mental and physical exertions could it have been written, and I leave the theatre in which it is performed horribly depressed and absolutely resolved that, rather than undergo this frightful labor I will keep a diary, or write my Mis-Memoirs, or name myself 'The Gentleman with the Knuckle-Duster,' and listen unctuously at keyholes! . . .

Mr. George Moore, who is, perhaps, the most considerable artist now writing in English—I am not unmindful of Mr. Conrad when I say that—once asked me whether I proposed to devote myself to the writing of novels or of plays. My pleasure at being noticed at all by Mr. Moore—a mountain nodding to a molehill—was so great that I became swollen with vanity, and I answered, with careless arrogance, 'Oh, I shall do both!' He retorted that this was not possible. He had tried to write novels and plays, and who was I that I should imagine I could do what he had not done? This ought to have settled the matter for me, but I have told you that I was swollen with vanity so I waved my hand airily to Mr. Moore and said, 'Nevertheless, I shall do both!' and then I walked away so that he could not have a chance of saying anything more to me. But sometimes in those awful hours of the night, when one has counted nine thousand and ninety-five sheep jumping through a gap in a hedge and is still wide awake, I have wondered whether it is possible to express one's self in both forms with equal skill.

Fielding tried his hand at writing plays, but soon abandoned the drama for the novel. I am not entirely convinced that he did so because of the oppressions of the Censor. I do not believe that the Censorship has prevented a genuine dramatist from producing plays, although it has undoubtedly hampered him in his work. Mr. Shaw, who wrote five novels before he wrote one play, did not return to the writing of novels when *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was banned. He has had three plays banned—I succeeded in getting the Censor to remove the ban on one of them—but he has not ceased to write plays on that account. Dr. Johnson turned away from drama because he discovered that he could compile dictionaries better than he could compose tragedies. Mr. Conrad and Mr. Henry James tried to write plays, but with as little success as R. L. Stevenson had with *Admiral Guinea*. Mr. George Moore's plays are nowhere near the level of his novels. The whole of Mr. W. B. Yeats's plays count for less than one of his lyrics. Mr. Arnold Bennett has written many successful plays, but none of them approaches in stature that great book, *The Old Wives' Tale*. Mr. Alan Monkhouse's comedies are, I think, better than his novels. Sir James Barrie wrote novels before he

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wrote plays, and they were very fine novels, too, but he seems to have convinced himself that he could not write novels *and* plays, for he abandoned the first form when he accepted the second. Mr. Galsworthy, more successfully than anyone else, combines the office of the novelist with that of the dramatist, but I have observed that when he produces a good play it is nearly always succeeded by a poor novel, and when he produces a good novel, it is nearly always succeeded by a poor play.

All this speculation causes me to feel sometimes that, when I answered Mr. Moore with careless arrogance, I was behaving with more than customary silliness. I like to think that I am the unique creature who will successfully combine the functions of the novelist and the dramatist, but horrid doubts grow in my mind that perhaps on the Last Day the Recording Angel will say of me, 'This poor devil tried to write plays and novels, but only succeeded in doing some articles for the *Observer!*' The position is complicated for me by the fact that I really began to write novels, not out of any spiritual urgency, but in order to earn money during the years when people were staying away from my plays in their thousands. Now I have contracted the habit and cannot easily get rid of it. I suggest, therefore, to aspiring dramatists that they will do well to keep the two forms quite separate, that they should not attempt to combine them unless they have very peculiar and special qualities, and that even then they should realize that they cannot hope to be equally good in using both forms.

Having carried my speculations that far, I began to consider a point that has sometimes been put to me, on how one is to learn to write plays. I find that people who do not write books or plays always put two questions to me. How do I do it? and, How much do I get for it? The answer in each case is nearly always in the negative. Last March I talked to a group of young dramatists in New York about the technique of stage plays, and I discovered that all of them started off to write plays by reading Mr. William Archer's book, *Play-Making*. It occupied in their minds much the same position that is occupied by the Bible in the mind of a Christian Endeavorer. Now, *Play-Making* is as good a book on this subject as is ever likely to be written, but its instruction is necessarily of a negative character, and one might as well try to build a world after reading the book of Genesis as try to make a play after reading the book of Mr. Archer. We can all say, 'Let there be Light!' but how many of us can guarantee that Light will ensue? I commend Mr. Archer's book to aspiring dramatists, but the help they can derive from it is strictly limited and entirely negative.

When I write a play, I do not think of a theatre at all. To this day, although I have had control of one, I am almost completely ignorant of the technical business of the stage, and when people ask me questions about 'battens' and 'limes' and 'flies,' I have to ask them what these things are. I never can remember which is the O.P. side of the stage without doing a sort of sum in mental arithmetic. There is no reason why a dramatist should know about them any more than there is a reason why a novelist should know about the processes of printing. All that he need know is enough to prevent him from asking stage managers to do impossible things. His common sense ought to tell him that it is ridiculous to make an actor go off the stage in a lounge suit and return to it in ten or twenty seconds dressed in evening clothes! He ought not to divide an act into three scenes, each of which occu-

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pies the *whole* of the stage. But these are matters where one requires not expert technical stage knowledge, but ordinary common sense. When I wrote a play about farming people, I thought of a farm, and I tried to visualize the whole countryside in which that farm was situated, so that I knew not merely the names and characters of the people who came into the play, but also the names and something of the characters of the people who were their neighbors, but did not come into the play. I knew the name of the nearest market town and the number of miles between it and the farm. I knew how many churches were in the district and what doctrines were preached in each of them, and I was able to tell the actors in America who took part in the play just what crops were growing in the fields outside the farmhouse. A dramatist should know his people so well that he can tell you all about their lives before the play began and tell you what is going to happen to them after the play ends. When he makes a character do or say a thing, he should ask himself whether it is in consonance with the nature he has given to that character. He should also ask himself whether it is essential to the play. The test of value in a play is this: if a scene is taken out of it, is there a gaping wound? Will the wound leave a perceptible scar? If the scene can be removed without a wound or a scar, then it has no business to be in the play at all; it is mere padding, mere fat. Half the epigrams in Oscar Wilde's comedies are of the nature of things stuck on to a structure; they are not part of the structure — they have not grown out of it — and when they are removed one is unaware of the fact that they are not there. A play should be a living organism, so alive that when any part of it is cut off the body bleeds! . . .

The aspiring dramatist should bear in mind my definition of a bad dramatist as a man who goes into the theatre and never comes out of it again. A good dramatist is a man who constantly checks the creatures of his imagination with the creatures he discovers about him. He should begin his career by doing three things: (*a*) reading such a book as *Play-Making* for its valuable negative advice; (*b*) studying the plays of great dramatists to see how they did their work; and (*c*) formulating a view of life and checking it with the life of his contemporaries. (The danger of the third item is that he may formulate his view of life and then try to make the rest of humanity square with it.) This brings me to the reapoint of this article, which is to coml mend to aspiring dramatists and to all who are interested in the growth of good drama, an excellent body called the Phœnix Society. This society has set itself the job of producing good, but infrequently performed, Elizabethan and Restoration plays. I am interested in it for a variety of reasons, but especially for the reason that the production of these plays does give the young dramatist a chance of developing his own craft by comparing it with that of masters of another time. We draw our inspiration from many sources, and if some of those sources are closed to us, then the quality of our inspiration is likely to be diminished.

Take the five plays which the Phœnix Society has announced for performance: *Venice Preserved*, by Thomas Otway; *Volpone*, by Ben Jonson; *The Witch of Edmonton*, by Dekker, Ford, and William Rowley; *All for Love*, by John Dryden; and *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson. It seems to me indisputable that the public performance of these five plays must be of great value in the training and inspiring of young dramatists, apart altogether from their merits as works of literature and as

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entertainments. Young dramatists, therefore, should be the most enthusiastic supporters of the Phœnix Society, which should be to them as a college in a university. Merely reading the plays is not enough. No play is completely a play until it has been performed. The ordinary commercial theatre is not likely to produce them, partly for financial reasons and partly because the ordinary commercial manager has probably never heard of Ben Jonson or John Dryden. (*Jack* Johnson, yes, but *Ben* Jonson, no!) A rich man who endows a college is acclaimed as a benefactor of learning. Is it not time we realized that the endowment of such a society as this is also a benefaction of learning? We cannot all endow societies, but at least we can, many of us, become members of them. I suggest to those of my readers who wish to see English drama living on a high level that they should become members of the Phœnix Society. The name of the Secretary is Miss Alice Fredman, and her address is 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

A WEST INDIAN WEDDING

BY J. W. D.

A PLAYFUL breeze fluttered the curtains and bore in through the window the fragrance of coffee blossoms and the myriad sweetnesses of a tropic morning. The sun slanted a golden beam across my pillow, and I remembered that it was the wedding morning of Estelle. Estelle, servant 'gal' at the Great House, was this day to be led to the altar by Zebediah Brown of the village of Content. Zebediah had come one June afternoon with his cutlass to 'chop' a too adventurous patch of wild ginger, just when Estelle, we were afraid, was lending an attentive ear to the whisperings of one Dixon, who, rumor had it, was too lavish with money to have acquired the same by honest means. Besides, he had a light-of-love in Dallas, which lay in the valley below Content. But when Zebediah had cleared the wild ginger he went into the kitchen, where Estelle was busy over the frying pan. The sight must have thrilled his honest heart, for he came again, the first time with a sugar cane, the next with a bright bandanna handkerchief, and lastly with a string of red corals. During these visits he chopped wood and fetched water from the spring — and after the gift of the red corals Estelle came and told us that she was going to be married. Up here in the hills marriages were but infrequent occurrences, and we were glad that Estelle was following in the footsteps of her mother, who, twenty years before, had married and in the fullness of time borne to her husband eleven children. Zebediah, a man of action, had rolled his trousers an inch or two higher above his calves and had sharpened his cutlass. In the village of Content a new hut was wattled and thatched and furnished.

All things were ready now, and today, folk from far and near were coming to see Estelle made one with Zebediah. The sun sent another shaft to find his first, and then a quiverful of golden arrows fell into my room. Moved to action by his insistence, I went across to the window and looked out. All around lay the wonder and wistfulness of a new Jamaican day. The wind that had fluttered the curtains fondly caressed the bamboo fronds and whispered to the wild ginger wet with dew. A humming bird droned by and dipped his beak into a scarlet hibiscus flower. Across in the fields beyond, mango and wild fig and coffee, white with blossom and scarlet with fruit, were scattered in wild profusion over the lavish earth.

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A mist hung over the distant mountains. It was the beginning of a perfect day, in a country which knows few failures so far as the beauty of days goes.

. . . . . .

About ten o'clock we walked down to the Dallas road and sat on the bank waiting for the bridal procession to pass along on its way to the church, some five miles down the valley. The sun was strong now, and we nestled deep into the bracken under the shade of cedars overgrown with 'old man's beard.' A hush hung over the world, and even the wild beauty of these mountains seemed subdued in the calm of this Sabbath day. The silence was soon broken by the quick beating of hooves in the far distance. At times the sound died away as the path swept round a curve in the hill, and it was some time before the first rider came clattering along the rough and stony road. It was old Notiss, the carpenter, resplendent as we had never seen him before. Then there was a glimmer of white, and we got our cameras ready. No society bride ever ran the gauntlet of photographers more gracefully than Estelle did, though I doubt not that had her skin been white instead of a chocolate brown she would have blushed. Along with her rode her mother and father. After them came a medley of colored men and women. Strangely enough, with the exception of Estelle's mother and Estelle herself, who were mounted on steeds lent for the occasion, what riders there were were men. The women followed on foot, their heads tied with bright bandanna handkerchiefs. Most of the men and youths, although they wore, as far as the eye could see, most of the garments that convention and climate demanded, were barefooted. They were not used to walking in boots, and they had a longish way to go. But most of them had boots. These were carried in the hand, and would in due course be put on at the church door after a great deal of polishing and pain. What discomfort there was attached to this business no doubt had its compensations in being able to walk up the aisle to an accompaniment of squeaks. The bigger the squeak the better the boot is the law here, and shoemakers are particular to see that when they construct these 'Banana Kings,' as the footwear most popular with these mountain men is called, the squeak is permanent. After the ceremony the boots would be removed, to the tremendous relief of the wearers.

The bridegroom went by another way, and it was not until late that afternoon that we saw him at the marriage feast, which was held at the village of Content, a long, straggling little collection of wattle huts set in scenery that seemed to pluck at one's heart. The sounds of revelry guided us to the bower of bamboo and banana leaves which had been erected for the occasion. Within this, round a table covered with a dazzling white cloth, sat about thirty colored folk of all ages and sizes from the twins upward. Many more were standing round, waiting their chance for a seat. At the head, entrenched behind a massive cake, sat Zebediah and his bride. Poor Zebediah we could see at a glance was unmanned. He sat staring sheepishly at the great slice of cake on the tablecloth before him. Even Estelle, her hands folded in her lap, had lost that fine composure which so well became her when she rode by in the morning. They smiled at us in watery fashion, and places were made for us round the groaning board, which was covered with fruit and cake and loaves of bread shaped like birds and fishes and all manner of flesh and fowl. Great wine glasses filled with syrup were before each guest, though I am afraid that Zebediah's father had found other and stronger means of refreshing him-

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self. He seemed very anxious to kiss the girls and to sing and pull the string of a large 'jumping jack' which hung from a bamboo pole. This tickled the twins considerably. Dixon was there, and I sat next to him and was glad that it was Zebediah who sat at Estelle's side and not he. But Dixon was not of the marrying sort, and my thanksgivings were wasted. Our visit for a few moments threw a damper on the proceedings, but things soon got right again.

The syrup was removed and port wine substituted and a concertina brought out. But the music was quenched when somebody called out 'Speech!' Zebediah and Estelle looked at one another, and then Zebediah, as pale as his black skin would permit him, arose. 'Too full,' he said and sat down again, leaving us in doubt as to whether emotion or the wedding cake had proved too much for him.

More speeches were made, and then the whole party adjourned to the Great House, where the big dining room, lent for the occasion, had been cleared for dancing. The concertina came to the fore again, and a flute, and the dancing began. Round they went, these black, perspiring folk, to the weird music produced by the union, though one can hardly call it that, of these two instruments. They waltzed, then they did the lancers and some other dances of their own composition. And the merry-making and dancing went on until long after midnight, when one by one the revelers went to their huts scattered about the moonlit hills. Many miles lay between some of them and home, and I have no doubt that there was many a sinking heart as they went away. For who does not know that ghosts and other strange creatures lurk in the shadows of the whispering trees, and there are few more superstitious people in the world than the West Indian negro. But no harm came to any of them, and the next morning they resumed their placid life of work in the fields and on the plantation, waiting for the next wedding to disturb the calm with its noise of concertina and piping of flute.

[*The Saturday Review*]

GETTING RID OF BOOKS

We have a vivid recollection of a sad tale told to us years ago by Sir Herbert Maxwell, author and politician, sportsman and naturalist, and, greater than these, lover of books. He wanted to make room in his library for a new purchase — or was it perhaps to obtain a few pounds to assist in procuring the new purchase? — and he weeded out a set of sporting magazines. Years passed, and one day, much to his disgust, he read that a set of the rejected volumes had been sold for nearly a thousand pounds!

Obviously, the process of weeding requires care. There are three methods open to us, by gift, by sale, or by destruction. Sometimes the careless borrower gives a helping hand; but we should prefer not to be indebted to him. The gift method may be subdivided thus: Process A, deliberate and personal; process B, casual and impersonal. The object in each case is the same: to find a suitable home for the book. It is surprising what pleasure the humble possessor of a few volumes may give to the proud owner of a fine library by the gift of a volume which happens to fit into the big man's collection, or to help him along with his hobby.

A book that throws some sidelight on a campaign is a treasure to an owner of a military library, and a trashy novel which has perpetrated some absurdity about birds may be a welcome gift to an ornithologist, and many a

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book or annual of little worth may be redeemed by having an engraving or a woodcut that gives it a charm for a collector. If a book has to go, never be afraid of asking friend Brown, owner of priceless treasures though he be, if he would like to have it.

Process B, now that Camps' Library is no more, makes an excellent game. Let's have a turn at it. The problem is, to find a home for two volumes during a half-hour's stroll in London. You sally forth with, let us say, a sporting novel, and a mutilated and bethumbed copy of Lindsay Gordon under your arm, having first removed, if you are wise, every evidence of your ownership from each. Fate seems kind to you, for there, a few yards off, is a Carter Paterson van without an attendant. You are sorely tempted to dump down the 'lot' and vanish, but then you would not be playing the game. You have to find a home for each book. The sprite answering to the lure of the legend 'C. P. & Co.,' displayed in the basement window, will in time return from the nether regions, and as soon as his foot is on the step, off will go the horses; and for all you know, when he is round the corner, Jehu will chuck your gifts in the gutter.

You resist temptation, and move on to find yourself in Kensington Gardens. Behold an unguarded perambulator right in your path. A hasty look around assures you that there is no nurse to be seen, nor any sign of a nurse, not even a soldier. Obviously, baby wants the sporting novel, and won't be happy till he gets it. You scrawl on the title page, 'A Present for a Good Girl,' and deposit it by the sleeping infant. You hope it *is* a girl, as then the nurse won't be worried by the inscription. Otherwise that 'good' may cause some searchings of the heart to the absentee. *Ironia patet*, but not necessarily to nursemaids. You will remove yourself and await results: on your return from a hurried visit to the Round Pond you meet a perambulator. Joy! It is the perambulator, and with it a nurse, and with her a soldier, and under his other arm a sporting novel! 'Won by a neck!' was not written in vain.

There remains the Lindsay Gordon. As the moment of parting comes, you feel inclined to keep it after all. You are now near the Albert Hall, and a procession of sandwich men, going west, comes in view. The sight recalls those verses—'sacred' Thackeray called them — which immortalized Robert Levett, 'the obscure practicer in physic among the lower people,' who, but for the tactful help of his friend, the poet, that mountain of humanity, might well have had to join in such a procession as this. It, too, walks its narrow round, nor makes a pause, its pride disdains no petty gains, and the toil of every day supplies the modest wants of every day. Here is your chance. Would not Gordon find a welcome home here? Is he not

> Of every friendless name the friend?

Side by side you walk to pick your man. Then tentatively, softly, insinuatingly to an object that looks as if he might retain within his rags a glimmer of the sacred light, you appeal, 'Like a book to read?' A puff of vile tobacco is all the answer. Nothing daunted, you try again and make progress. This time you get a growl. 'Not allowed to read on duty.' 'Then take it for off duty.' A hand not without traces of refinement is held out, and it grasps the book. In quick succession a hurried glance at the name, a look of obvious relief — saying plainly 'Not a tract this time!' — and a voice with a quaver in it breathes, 'Ah! — Lindsay Gordon!' Here's a

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man that was once—no matter, that 'Ah!' makes you feel sure that your book has found a home. You long to risk the old tag,

> Life is mostly froth and bubble:
> Two things stand like stone,

but you dare not. Were the sandwich man to murmur

> Kindness in another's trouble,
> Courage in your own,

you must fall upon his neck. Then what a scene! How shocking, and almost under the shadow of the memorial to Albert the Good. That must not be. The game is over. The problem is solved. You have found homes for your two books, and can go home to lunch with a sense of success.

Weeds of no value or of only sentimental interest must be destroyed. The time must come when you cannot keep a volume merely because, when She came to tea that day, she obviously put her tea-cup on its cover, or because a young imp of years ago spilled the ink on the title-page. When the time comes cremation is a solemn rite for the sentimental; while for the practical, there is the consolation that, in days of dear coal, every little helps, as the village dwarf said to the recruiting sergeant.

The interesting superfluities can take their chance with a dealer, but first obliterate all traces of the place whence they came. When you pick out of a rubbish-box for a few pence a *Peter Parley's Annual* because it recalls the delight with which, as a boy, you had received the volume for that year and open it to find therein: 'To Darling Adolphus on his tenth birthday from his devoted Aunt Anastasia,' you have not picked up a bargain; you are toying with a tragedy. So, too, to find a book, one that has been honored with a book-plate and a place in a catalogue, exposed in a row labeled 'All this lot 2*d.* each,' is as sad a discovery as it used to be to see a thoroughbred between the shafts of a four-wheeler.

SPELL

BY A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE

Across the cool wet fringes of the wood
On quiet feet the curious rabbits came,
Leaping the crimson brambles where I stood
Whose leaves the autumn sun had set to flame.

And one red robin tarried on a bough
That had six last sweet silver notes to make
Before moonrising. I can hear him now
Unburdening his small bosom of its ache.

Who when he ended, flew nonchalantly
Into a high hedgerow to seek his rest;
Leaving his listener under a little tree
From dark till dawning bonded, brain and breast.

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[*Cornhill Magazine*]

CHRONIQUE SENTIMENTALE

BY C. E. LAWRENCE

THE old garden was bathed in the sunlight of a summer afternoon. The drowsy hum of nature at work and play merely emphasized the enchanted silence. It was a garden of sleep, everything was so still. Not a leaf or grass stirred; the trees, with more than the promise of fruit on the branches, seemed lost in slumber; and to complete the gracious aspect of tranquillity, an elderly lady with silvern hair was dreaming on a garden-seat.

A book was on her lap, her hands were folded; a sunbeam glancing through gaps in the foliage rested on her forehead, enough to illumine a face that, with all the lines and touches wrought by time, was still young with the beauty of kindness.

A gentle disturbance entered Paradise. Mrs. Anstruther, awakened by it, opened her eyes and stared at the peaceful greenness before her, and in thought continued her dream. . . . She was aware of an intruder in Eden, and at the thought of an outsider's desecration of this sanctuary felt herself harden. The habit of proprietorship, and a natural shyness, caused her to resent this wanton spoiling of the peace of the place. She remained quiescent, watchful; and saw a khaki figure, slender, tall, and straight, wandering among the trees. Something in that form she recognized as familiar, and at the thought felt her heart leaping in a manner unusual to the elderly.

Unaware of her presence the visitor approached, and she was able to note the thin face, the grizzled moustache and close hair, the gray eyes, the rainbow of ribbons on his coat. She read his rank on the sleeve.

'Colonel Robert Pardon!' she said, in a voice that with all its gentleness carried easily in the drowsy silence.

The officer started unmistakably at her challenge; then saw her and smiled. A life of discipline and duty had left traces on his face; but the smile was as young as it had been — how many years ago!

'You here of all people, Margaret!' he said.

'Margaret Anstruther, Robert,' she gently reminded him.

'Egad! so it is. And I 've always though of you as Meggie Deane.'

'It brings back old memories,' she mused aloud. 'And in this garden too — which is full of gracious spirits and memories. I'm a grandmother now, Robert!'

He laughed at her inconsequence, and sat on the space to spare at the end of the garden-seat.

'So you 're a grandmother, Meg! And it seems only yesterday you were a bright-headed girl, full of confounded mischief, climbing trees, and rebelling against having to learn a Collect every Sunday. Well, I rebelled too, but then I never could learn it.'

'Once you did, though, Robert. Under threat of not coming into this garden for a month. "Keep" Sunday it was, if I remember rightly.'

'Dear me, yes! I had forgotten that!' He looked at her with eyes of

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contemplation, and thereupon smiled again. Memory jostled against the realization. He saw wide inevitable differences between the girl of forty summers ago, racing and tearing with an undisciplined energy, and this lady of silver hair and settled quietude. With his years of experience he preferred the accomplishment to the promise, divine as that girlish promise had seemed to him in the golden-calf days. He found his thoughts drifting vaguely, wistfully backward, through the avenue of years.

'I see you did your share in the war,' she said.

'Yes, a bit of my bit.'

'I remember the day you went away. Old Murphy brought the telegram into the garden — this garden. I can see his bald head shining in the sun, and his little short stumpy steps.'

'Old Murphy! He was n't unlike a starling when he walked. He 's asleep, I suppose?'

'Long ago! He went out very suddenly, after a stroke.'

For moments they brooded with thoughts of an autumn tinge and a sombre texture.

'He was a good old fellow,' commented Robert, 'peppery, and in his small plump way, most important. He must have been kind to me; but I know I often thought him a beast. He taught me to make paper boats, and for years I kept a glass marble he picked up and brought home to me. Good old Murphy! I lost it somewhere in West Africa. I suppose it 's a fetish now, the hoarded treasure of a witch-doctor. I remember kicking Murphy on the shins once, in a paddy . . . I wish I had n't now.'

She smiled quietly, and looked sideways at him, liking his bronze and gray.

'Old age is full of those regrets,' she said. 'That 's the worst of it! I often find myself writhing over the small vanities and cruelties and meannesses of long ago.'

'My dear Margaret!' he protested. 'You need not talk of old age yet. We are still in the prime, my dear.'

'You may be, Robert, and are; but I 'm a grandmother.'

'Fiddle!' There was just a touch of Anglo-Indian testiness in the expression of the word. 'I 'm older than you, anyhow. Remember that!'

'Years have nothing to do with it. Every woman is older than a man of the same age, from the very beginning.'

'Some women certainly are,' he conceded; 'and some women certainly are not.' She did not follow into this region of humane philosophy. The immediate personal was of more concern to her.

'The telegram brought news of your uncle's death.'

'I remember. How strange it is, after years of forgetfulness, getting glimpses of that old life which was so different from this. It is over forty years ago. Uncle Clem died the year the Princess Alice went down. I remember because, when I went to Woolwich that same year — another result of the telegram — one thought of and saw nothing else but the horrors of that crowded vessel sinking in the Thames.'

'Dear me! yes.'

'The ship that collided with her was the Bywater Castle, or was it the Bywell? I remember that detail too, and I can't say I 've thought of it since. The memory is very strange, and this old garden —— As one talks, the things come back. Why are you laughing, Meg?'

She was not laughing, had not been laughing, but as she had listened and watched his face, a thought flashed through her mind, and touching to life the spirits of her humor, brought gleams of mirth to her lips and eyes.

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'Nothing, Robert. It was only an idea that occurred — it amused me; but it would n't interest you.'

'Nothing' though it was, her aspect had quickened in him the urge to laughter, a result of this hour of renewed deep sympathy, which was, indeed, proving strangely pleasant to both of them.

'But I think it *would* interest me,' he protested. 'Anyhow, I 'll give a penny for the thought.'

She shook her head with an alluring obstinacy, which showed that the spirits were still alert.

'It 's not for sale, Robert — not even for twopence.'

'Oh, I must n't waste twopence in these days,' he said. 'Besides you 're sure to tell me presently for nothing.'

She laughed quietly, and again her mirth intrigued him.

'What a curmudgeon!' she said. 'And once you wasted — I remember — many twopences on brandy-balls and bulls'-eyes, horrid things.'

'O for the digestion of yester-year!' he sighed. 'Youth has all the luck!'

She roused herself, closed the book on her lap, and placed it on the seat beside her.

'That sort of remark, Robert, is the beginning of old age; and you don't look it! There is plenty of youth for us yet, if we keep our hearts joyous. White hair counts for nothing, nowadays.'

'Do you remember my bicycle?' he asked abruptly.

'Oh, yes! I do, now you remind me. It rattled so that you announced yourself before you were in sight.'

'It would do this generation good,' he declared, with a renewal of energy, 'to see one of those old wooden rattly things on which we labored. That was work, it was exercise, adventure. They 'd be ashamed then of taking their ease in motor-bikes and scooters.'

'Shame — not they! The lucky children have none of that modesty. They 'd fall out of their cars from laughter at the backwardness of their forebears. . . . Youth can be very cruel.'

'And very fine,' he added thoughtfully. An expression of dream came into his eyes. 'I — I had no good word for the "nut" before the war. His hair and his attitudes. I called, and thought, him girlish. But when I saw him — in hundreds — going over the top, always after carefully shaving — charging through the spatter of machine-gun fire — I — well, he proved built of the stuff of heroes.'

Her eyes were dim because of his words, but when he turned his head to look at her she smiled — an April face, which recalled further memories. He laughed, so that some of the grasses in the garden awoke to listen.

'We buried in this orchard an old bottle,' he said.

'So you remember that! I 've never forgotten.'

'It was your girlish look just now which reminded me. You looked just so — tears, blue eyes, and smiles — on the day I broke your doll and to make up for it stuck her head on backwards. Remember?'

'I do. Poor Annette! she 's long since gone to — sawdust.'

'And you looked like that when that vile butcher-boy trampled on the face George Rowley — that was the footman's name, was n't it? — had moulded for us in the sand. He was a beast, that butcher-boy!'

'No. I don't remember that!'

'Nor him?'

'No.'

'Sorry, Meg! I remember him thoroughly well. The blackguard! He had greasy ear-locks, long corkscrews — black — ugh! I suppose he 's fat and getting on for sixty now, quite possibly

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an over-plump profiteer. Oh, the beast!'

'Robert, what a power of hate you 've got.'

'Yes, Meg. I 've always hated him. He was my *bête noir*. He often pummeled me, was two heads taller than me. I could never get back at him on even terms. And he jeered at me, knowing it.'

'I think I have n't quite forgotten,' she said, after reflection. Her eyes held a new light, colored with mischief.

'Ah!'

'That boy was my first love. How I adored him! His strength, his ready wit, his shining hair.'

'Come now, Meg!'

She turned her face to look at him with a side-glance of amusement.

'I remember he rode on the box of the fly with the driver when Aunt Pooley was taking me to the station for a week's visit to London, when I went to the Waxworks, then in Soho, with the Chamber of Horrors — I can still smell that ugly smell — ugh! But then the Christy Minstrels and "Les Cloches de Corneville" put it all right. . . . But perhaps he was not worthy of my young love,' she added reflectively.

'He was not! I wish we could find that bottle.'

'Yes, the bottle. It was at the foot of the tree.'

'Was that the twopenny thought, Meg?'

'Perhaps it was, Robert.'

'Egad! I 'll find it then! Over forty years ago! What an adventure!' He sprang up with a glad energy and looked up, looked down — was baffled.

'Better leave it alone. Let the dead past bury its — bottle.'

'No! By Jove, no! Certainly not!'

'Then try that old tree.'

She pointed to an apple-tree, rusty, gnarled, aged, yet still showing its better-than-promise of ruddy fruit.

He walked briskly to the tree. There could be no doubt of his unfaded youthfulness, in spite of the gray of his hair.

'There is a spade in the hutch over there.' She indicated what looked like a green thicket.

'I remember! That 's where Murphy kept the rabbits.'

The years melted to — the dimensions of a tear-drop, as, striding among the trees, he found the shed, in the last condition of rusting decrepitude, which brought the memories leaping back. Gracious shadows wandered about him. It was a garden rich with genial ghosts.

He took back spade, fork, and pitchfork.

'Now exactly where?' He looked to her for guidance.

She rose and went toward him. He noted her grace, and the youthfulness that denied the undoubtable grandmaternity.

'Try here!' She pointed at a dandelion with her foot; and he went to work.

'Carefully!' she charged him.

'Are n't I as careful as I can possibly be?' he answered, with the swift spirit of protest that reminded her vividly of his intolerant boyhood.

Excitement grew on both of them, an excitement elaborately hidden, as with careful hands he delved. . . . They nearly missed the bottle even then. It was smaller than memory promised, and so solidly embedded in the earth that after the sleep of forty years — the wilderness time! — it reappeared solidly enclosed in soil. He threw the spadeful on the growing upturned heap, and the bottle rolled into view.

History was resumed. The dream was ended. Neither said a word, though their hearts were throbbing strangely — for elderly folk

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It was a squat, clumsy, glass bottle. Robert allowed no sentiment to delay the climax. Walking to a distance of safety, he hurled the bottle on a flint and broke its neck.

'No!' she had cried, protesting against this act iconoclastic. It seemed she would have remained content with the bottle still buried and guarding its hoard; but he had not been a gunner for nothing.

He came to her eagerly with the splintered torso; his hands trembled with exactly the same tense excitement as when he had brought her the robin's nest he had found among the laurels — which still were there!

He rattled the bottle, and released a farthing dated 1872. They had both forgotten that! There followed the solitary joint of a doll's plaster leg; which she did remember. A blob of crumpled paper rammed in proved a mere fragment of newspaper — signifying nothing; and then — then — something else, forgotten by neither. An elaborately folded half sheet of colored note paper, in the fashion of the period.

He opened this with all the delight of attaining a new discovery. She tended to draw backward — the sign and measure of her equal interest.

'We, R. P. and M. D., swear that we will marry each other some day. This is a sworn secret.'

It was signed with a sprawling 'Robert Pardon' and 'Margaret Evelyn Deane.'

'To think I could write as atrociously as that!' said he.

'To think I could set my signature to such nonsense!' she declared; but her face was rosy, and looked wonderfully youthful under the silvery hair.

'Oh, come now, Meg!' said he. 'Why not?'

'Why not?' she echoed, and looked at him aghast.

'I 've never forgotten, anyhow,' he declared.

'Oh, fibber!' she retorted.

'Never!' he persisted, with the rapid energy his characteristic. 'And egad, I keep you to your word!'

'But Robert, I 'm ——'

'For goodness' sake, Meg, don't tell me again that you 're a grandmother! It does n't interest me, my dear. I don't care a — a buried farthing what you are — I 've never loved anyone else.'

'And I —— oh, Robert, there was always a corner of my heart, but —— at our age ——'

'Fiddlesticks! Our age! We 're hardly grown up. Think of the years we did n't live. We — we must n't disappoint the old garden.'

And that evening the spirit haunting the leafy place, in its wonderful peace, knew that never had its grass, flowers, leaves, and branches been illumined with a happier light. The robin, perched upon a forgotten spade, beside an upturned heap, twittered for joy. . . . The garden was, anyhow, undeniably happy.

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

HUMORS OF THE DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP

BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE

THE case of a man who declared that he could live neither with his wife nor without her probably represents, with rough accuracy, the normal attitude of most people in most countries toward the censorship of plays. On the one hand, it is easily made to seem monstrous that a mere functionary — a bureaucrat, obedient to the behests of a political superior — should have authority to prohibit the production of a work of art, or to require its modification. On the other hand, the theatre

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lends itself so readily to the demonstrations of the disaffected — as well as to the indecorum of the depraved — that few governments feel strong enough to deny themselves the right of controlling it.

A few rulers have done so, even when they have themselves been sufferers from the comedian's satire. Louis XII is, perhaps, the most famous of them. His counselors urged him to chastise the insolence of some playwright who had offended; but he replied that he allowed freedom on the stage, and was only too pleased that abuses committed at his court, or anywhere in his kingdom, should, in that way, be brought to his notice. His attitude, however, was quite exceptional. As a rule, it has taken a revolution to overthrow the censor; but it has not always needed a counter-revolution to restore his office. The revolutionists themselves have often felt constrained to revive it as a barrier against reactionary suggestions.

That, for instance, was the course of events in France in 1791 and the immediately succeeding years. Mirabeau then swept the censorship away with a magnificent gesture and a splendid peroration to the effect that 'it would be easy enough to fetter every kind of liberty by exaggerating every kind of danger, for there is no action that may not result in license.' But Mirabeau was hardly in his grave before his Republican successors were fettering liberty in the very way which he condemned, and often on absurdly frivolous grounds. 'Citizens,' wrote the authorities to a company of actors in the second year of the Republic, 'we have duly received the piece, *Entrevue des patriotes*, but we cannot authorize its representation, seeing that it is full of dukes, duchesses, and abbés, and that National Guards are represented as drunkards.'

An arbitrary proceeding truly; but mild and reasonable compared with the action taken, a little later, when François de Neufchateau produced a poetical drama in five acts, based upon Richardson's *Pamela*. All went well, on that occasion, until Pamela turned out to be the daughter of an Earl by a secret marriage. That could not be tolerated in an age which insisted that all men were born equal; and the author was promptly arrested and charged with 'incivism.' Not only was his play suppressed, but he himself was sent to prison, and did not get out again until after Thermidor.

These stories show that, where dramatic censorship is concerned, there is little to choose between the attitude of autocrats and democrats; and if anyone imagines that the autocrats, at any rate, do not give such ridiculous reasons as the democrats for the exercise of their power, he may be invited to study the annals of the Burghtheatre, at Vienna.

He will find in them an account of an application for permission to produce Schiller's *Maid of Orleans;* and he will also find an illuminating list of the conditions on which the permission was accorded. These were:

1. Agnes Sorel must be represented as the wife, and not as the mistress, of Charles VII.

2. In order to avoid the consequent suggestion of bigamy, the King's actual wife must be represented as his sister.

3. The Bastard of Orleans must be transformed into a vague 'royal cousin.'

4. The title must be altered to *Joan of Arc*, because the word 'Jungfrau' savored of frivolity.

5. The author's name must be omitted from the bill because he was a person notorious for his revolutionary tendencies.

That is, indeed, a good example of

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German thoroughness; and this is, perhaps, the place in which to remark that German organization has always played its characteristic part in this great business of theatrical censorship. The author of the remarkable prescriptions just quoted drew up a manual of censorship for the guidance of the successors to his office. One of his rules was that 'a pair of lovers must never make their exit from the stage together, unless accompanied by some person of mature years.' Another forbade the dramatic presentation of *mésalliances*, and added a gloss suggested by a play in which a Count espoused a gardener's daughter:

'Such catastrophes,' runs the note, 'unfortunately occur in real life; but that is no reason why they should be represented on the stage.'

Another feature of German censorship used to be that the censor's sanction, when once obtained, was final, and could not be withdrawn; and the maintenance of that rule had a very interesting consequence in the years of Franco-German friction preceding the Great War.

A certain M. Dinter then submitted to the censor a play called *The Smugglers*, written in the Alsatian dialect. The censor knew the dialect; but it bored him to read it. His examination of the piece was, therefore, cursory. He satisfied himself that it was neither morally objectionable nor politically seditious, and he passed it without minute scrutiny. Unobserved by him, however, there lurked in it three treasonable words: *Vive la France!* That single exclamation made the fortune of the drama. It was cheered to the echo; and horrified officialdom called upon the author to excise the offensive sentiment. His rejoinder was to produce his permit, flourish it in the faces of the police, and challenge them to do their worst. They referred to the law, and found that they could do nothing at all; and the Alsatian stage continued to ring with the cry: *Vive la France!*

That, perhaps, is the best of the stories of the evasion of the censorship, but there are many others. Of one of them M. Henry Bataille is the hero. One of his pieces was returned to him with an urgent demand for certain excisions. He made the excisions, but then reinserted the excised passages on the next page of his manuscript, and returned it, to be censored a second time. The censor satisfied himself that the phrases to which he had drawn attention had been struck out, but did not look to see whether the rest of the manuscript had been altered. It duly appeared, therefore — objectionable passages and all — and nobody was one penny the worse. Thus did Anastasia nod like Homer; and the story may remind one of another, of which the English stage was the scene.

The play concerned was an English adaptation, produced by Miss Janet Achurch, of Octave Feuillet's *Julie*. Its tone, like the tone of all M. Feuillet's work, was moral; but it contained incidents to which the censor took exception. Miss Achurch and her husband, Mr. Charles Charrington, decided to argue the point with him; and after much discussion, a compromise was arrived at. The story was told, years afterward, by Mr. Charrington himself, in a letter to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

'Between the first and second acts of the play,' wrote Mr. Charrington, 'the heroine "falls," as the censor *would* put it, and the whole of the last two acts depends on the remorse she feels for an act of unfaithfulness which, at the end of the play, she confesses — the excitement bringing on a heart attack that kills her. Husband and lover meet over her dead body.

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'The compromise took this shape: Julie was to say somewhere — never mind where — "Thank God, I have only sinned in intention." As it made complete nonsense of the whole play, perhaps Miss Achurch may be excused for not saying it very loud. But she *did* whisper it, and no doubt it is still in the copy which reposes upon the shelves of the Censor's Office.'

One could have no better example of hypocrisy as 'the homage which vice pays to virtue.' Appearances were similarly saved, on one occasion, by an unofficial censor — Dr. Butler, the head master of Harrow School. Some amateur performances were being arranged at the school; and, as a head master, he naturally stipulated that all the pieces which it was proposed to produce should be submitted to his judgment. 'One of them,' writes G. W. E. Russell, to whom we owe the anecdote, 'was *The Palace of Truth*, and at a critical point in the story, the hero said to the heroine, "Meet me outside the garden gate at nine o'clock tonight." Dr. Butler ran his pen through the words and substituted "at three o'clock this afternoon." Two or three years ago,' the narrator adds, 'Sir William Gilbert was a guest at Harrow speeches. In replying for the visitors he said that it was with peculiar interest that he found himself at Harrow, for it was the only place where any line of his writing had ever been vetoed as indecorous. Everyone asked his neighbor what in the world was meant; and only one could answer.'

Stories of that sort amply account for the general tendency of authors to deride the censorship. Yet they have not always done so. On the contrary, many distinguished dramatists have defended the institution. Dumas *fils*, for one, defended it resolutely, in spite of the fact that *La Dame aux Camélias* suffered at its hands; and a greater name than his can be quoted in its support. Cervantes not merely accepted the principle of dramatic censorship, but called aloud for a censor. He puts the plea into the mouth of a curé in *Don Quixote;* and as he himself took orders before he died, any sentiment which he attributes to an ecclesiastic may be presumed to be his own. Actors, he points out, in his great romance, are perpetually getting into trouble for 'acting things obnoxious to the Prince,' and he continues:

> All those inconveniences might be redressed if there were some understanding and discreet person ordained at Court to examine all comedies before they were acted, and not only such as were played at the Court itself, but also all others that were to be acted throughout Spain, without whose allowance, under his hand and seal, no town should permit any comedy to be played. . . . By this means would good comedies be written, and the thing intended by them most easily attained to — namely, entertainment of the people, the good opinion of Spanish wits, the profit and security of the players, and the saving of the care that is now employed in chastising their rashness.

Nothing could sound more plausible; but nothing is more notorious than that things have not always worked out like that in practice. In practice, dramatic censors have generally taken themselves too seriously, have erred grievously by their lack of humor, and have often shown themselves more royalist than the King. Louis XII, for instance, frantically applauded a piece which the censor had tried to stop because it made fun of the Pope. Henry IV released comedians who had been imprisoned for ridiculing his counselors. Louis XIV sanctioned the production of *Tartuffe*, after the Archbishop of Paris had prohibited it, and Napoleon III interfered personally to override the censor's prohibition of plays by Dumas *père*, Emile Augier, and Jules Claretie.

In England, again, the censorship, as we know it, was the creation, not of

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a despotic monarch, but of a corrupt minister. It is true, indeed, that an Act of Henry VIII prescribed that no player should 'sing in songs or play in interludes anything that should contradict the established doctrines.' It is also true that an edict of the same reign laid down that 'no play should be openly enacted within the liberty of the city till first perused and allowed by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen.' It is true, further, that, in the times of the Stuarts, the Master of the Revels wielded considerable powers of censorship, suppressed 'preaching plays' by Puritanical propagandists, and derived a portion of his emoluments from 'benefit' performances. But the real thing did not come till later, and was due, not to anyone's zeal for public morality, but to a minister's dread of public ridicule.

Sir Robert Walpole had been mocked on the stage, first by Gay, and then by Fielding. He did not like it, and determined to stop it. So he prepared a bill, and supported it in the House of Commons by drawing the attention of the members to some very indecent passages in a very indecent farce supplied to him by the manager of Goodman's Fields Theatre. It is by no means certain that that farce was a *bona-fide* composition, really intended for the stage. It was freely alleged — and it is not at all improbable — that Walpole had hired a man to write it, in order that he might be able to show the house something so licentious that it could not reasonably oppose his measure. At all events, he carried his measure — the famous Act of 1737.

He did not carry it without opposition from the politicians and the public. Lord Chesterfield denounced it eloquently, and theatre audiences rioted — going so far as to silence a French company appearing under distinguished patronage, by singing Fielding's, 'The Roast Beef of Old England.' But all in vain. Fielding, in consequence of Walpole's measure, ceased to write for the stage; and prohibitions, based upon reasons sometimes improper and sometimes ridiculous, rained thickly. Here are a few instances:

A revival of *King Lear* was forbidden because George III was mad. Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa* was forbidden because 'there was a good deal in it about liberty.' Theodore Hook's *Killing no Murder* was forbidden because it was disrespectful to the Methodists. Another comedy was forbidden because it alluded to the advanced age of the ladies of the court. Miss Mitford's *King Charles the First* was forbidden because of its 'title and subject.' It might be hard to say whether the climax was reached when objection was raised to the use of the word 'angel' in love scenes, because angels were sacred personages, or when the word 'gammon' was struck out of a farce because the censor 'had a friend in Hampshire of that name.'

The history of the theatre is strewn with anecdotes of that kind. Even those who defend the censorship as a necessity or a convenience have to admit that censors have shown a remarkable propensity for making fools of themselves. Indeed, knowing their own weakness, they have sometimes made desperate efforts, in doubtful cases, to shift their responsibilities on to other shoulders. A Lord Chamberlain, for example, once asked the Archbishop of Canterbury to look over a play of Foote's and mark any objectionable passages; but the Archbishop scented danger, and begged to be excused.

'If I were to do such a thing,' he replied, 'Foote would be sure to publish his piece as "corrected and prepared for the press by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury."'

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His Grace was quite right about that. A hardened practical joker like Foote could have been trusted not to miss such an opportunity. Moreover, archbishops can no more be expected to deputize for examiners of plays than examiners of plays can be expected to deputize for archbishops. To each his function and his responsibilities; and the 'cuts' which examiners of plays, unaided by archiepiscopal advice, have insisted upon, are sometimes brought to light when the plays are published. Here are a few passages which Mr. Zangwill is said to have been invited to delete from his censored play, *The Next Religion:*

> The God who will send tuberculosis even through the Communion chalice.
>
> That shrine of superstition in Westminster.
>
> I've got my eye on a workmanlike little place in a commanding position with a ten-year lease — it was in the Baptist line before.

In this last passage the censor is said to have suggested the substitution of the word 'Nonconformist' for 'Baptist.' Perhaps he thought that, as Nonconformists are more numerous than Baptists, the intensity of the affront would be weakened by its wider distribution. But he did not say so. He guarded his own secret; and that was the wisest course. The case, he may well have felt, is one of those in which he who stops to argue is lost.

[*The Times*]

SPEECH AND SPELLING

Opinions may differ as to the reason for the increased interest taken in late years, not only in academic circles, in the English language as it is spoken and written. The war may be named as one reason of this interest; the incursion of American words; the spread of popular education and the popular newspaper, both instruments awaiting the manipulating hand; the phonetic spelling movement, which is even more a cause than an effect of investigation. The fact remains. We have before us two tracts and a prospectus which give evidence of the attention which is being increasingly devoted to the English we actually use: to its present character, its future development, and the possibilities of beneficent interference with it. This awakening is very welcome. At most we may contrive to prevent some decays and establish some improvements; at least we shall, after a period, have learned something.

Language, said Johnson, began by being oral, and a purely oral speech was very variable. 'When,' he continues, 'this wild and barbarous jargon was first reduced to an alphabet, every penman endeavored to express, as he could, the sounds which he was accustomed to pronounce or to receive.' The delusion that writing was originally phonetic, or meant to be phonetic, is still commonly cherished among the unlearned, and the assumption is often implicitly made by those who know better. We find in Dr. Bradley's pamphlet a brief sketch of the ideographic origins of writing; but this sketch leads up to a less familiar but convincing demonstration of the extent to which our written language is ideographic still — the extent, that is, to which our written words are symbols of meaning, in no relation, or only an incomplete relation, phonetically to the words we speak.

Figures for numbers are an extreme instance. But the language is thick with them. If [Dr. Bradley says] we were to form an adjective phonetically from Bacon it would not be Baconian. We pronounce the vowels in these words differently; it is a convenience that, for purposes of easy identification, they should be similarly spelled.

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Consonants that have become mute have an ideographic value. The initial *k* in 'knight' is an instance. It is, no doubt, desirable that we should pronounce it when speaking; but, failing that, it is at least useful that there should be some symbol which, when we are writing, can mark the distinction between 'a knightly task' and 'a nightly task.'

So many are these words, so numerous the words which we have never heard pronounced and have encountered only in print, that few of us recognize how largely ideographic our written language is. 'To an accomplished reader,' says Dr. Bradley, 'it does not, except in rare instances, matter whether his native language is phonetically spelled or not.' Even if it does matter we should be rash in spelling everything phonetically, because of our plenitude of homophones.

In time two spellings for the same pronunciation may lead to two pronunciations. 'Flour' was unknown to Johnson, who called the commodity 'flower'; to-day with two spellings we make a distinction in pronunciation, and are all to the good. Moreover, we may fix a language phonetically, but speech will drift; and, as speech drifts, writing returns to the ideographic. 'Radical reform' in spelling is, therefore, Dr. Bradley concludes, impracticable. If wholesale phonetic spelling could be introduced it would no doubt have advantages; it would, for instance, rid us of the 'bondage to the alien' which gives us so many *quasi*-Latin and *quasi*-Greek scientific terms. But it is not practicable. All we can do is to reform the spelling of words primarily oral (even then preserving the distinctions between homophones), teach pronunciation in schools, and institute a few changes of detail, such as the abolition of the 'e' at the end of the suffix 'ive.' 'My views,' he says, 'as to what may ultimately be possible and desirable in the way of reform are exceedingly vague.' The views of so learned and judicious a man could not be other, where a problem of this complexity was under consideration. Even his suggestion that no two English words that are differently pronounced should be spelled alike involves quite sufficient difficulties.

Though Dr. Bradley's suggestions are few, his disquisition is fascinating; at least as much may be said for the tract, compiled with immense labor and containing much erudition, wit, imagination, and ingenious argument, which bears witness to the 'right copious and happy industry' of the Poet Laureate. With all the freshness and enthusiasm of a young man, Mr. Bridges maintains the proposition that English homophones 'have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished.' His first postulate may be accepted: 'the more homophones there are in any language the more faulty is that language as a scientific and convenient vehicle of speech.' How stocked we are with them — for example, 'bark' (dog), 'bark' (tree), and 'bark' (boat), and (here spelling variants are seen) 'course,' 'coarse,' and 'corse'— he shows by tables and computations; he found in an ordinary pronouncing dictionary 800 ambiguous sounds, which meant 'something between 1600 and 2000 words of ambiguous meaning in our ordinary vocabulary.' Our pronunciation changes; one of his lists gives words of which the 'homophony is rightly questioned by many speakers'— for instance, 'verdure' and 'verger,' 'censor' and 'censer.' Homophones are admittedly a nuisance. But beyond that he says (and Dr. Bradley agrees with him) they tend to die out, to the impoverishment of the language. We may presently lose

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such words as 'bier,' 'ail,' 'alms,' 'casque,' 'cede,' 'dun,' 'gambol,' and 'surge' simply because in speech we instinctively avoid words which lead to misapprehension.

But though he may diagnose the evil and denounce the increasing slackness with which educated men pronounce their mother tongue, his remedies also are tentative and vague. Beyond expressing a general hope that teachers and all men would be more careful, he can only invite expert discussion. Could any man with this cause at heart do more? Can we hope to arrest the great processes of changing pronunciation? Can we hope to do more than tinker, however usefully, with details, and in a general way, so far as we may, keep our spelling as it is so that our descendants shall not be robbed of their literary inheritance?

We suppose that an ideal system of human expression — at all events, a perfect system from what is called 'an efficiency point of view'— would fulfill the following requirements: (1) That there should be an unchanging and a universally practised pronunciation; (2) that all words should be phonetically spelled; and (3) that no two words should be similarly pronounced, and, consequently, no two words similarly spelled. Were we to add to these that all words should in their spelling clearly show their derivations, though that be a thing after which many of us hanker, our dream would flit from Utopia to an even more remote and fantastic fairyland.

Grant for a moment a government so powerful and a population so docile that any changes enjoined in speech or spelling would be adopted. Conceive the insuperability, even at that, of overcoming the obstacles which block the way to the phoneticians' paradise. It is not only that great masses of our words are, by general admission, spelled unphonetically, stuffed full with ambiguous vowels and mute consonants. It is not only that we should have to impose new words — new pronunciations and new spellings — to replace homophones which are similarly and quite phonetically spelled now, or which would be similarly spelled if phonetic spelling were introduced. Beyond all the obvious difficulties is the difficulty of a standard pronunciation, which difficulty has never been met.

We remember that some years before the war Dr. Lyttelton, then Headmaster of Eton, addressed his boys, whom perhaps he numbered among the worst culprits, on the subject, and deplored the increasing Cocknification of the speech of educated men. The process is patent and not to be disputed. Mr. Bridges (who uses the terms 'Southern English' and 'public school English') wrings his hands over it, and pleads personally guilty; we have known it produce something like horror in an educated man newly arrived from a long and lonely exile in the tropics. Would our experts — a generation reckless of propriety and grace may yet call them 'linguologers,' unless the S.P.E. prevents it — take the current variety of English spoken by subalterns in the Guards as their standard? If so, why? And if not, why not? At this moment there are innumerable pronunciations among Englishmen of the same classes but different ages, of different classes and the same districts, of the same classes and different districts, of different classes and different districts.

Would Ireland, where at least a touch of the brogue is universal, be entitled to a peculiar spelling, or would her claims to self-determined spelling stand or fall with her claims to Dominion Home Rule? Any word we can mention is pronounced in many ways in the British Isles. Take the

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word 'lord.' The 'education' pronunciation is indistinguishable from that of 'laud'; but we also find, in various places and grades, 'lorrd,' 'lowered,' 'lard,' not to mention 'lud.' Which is English? There are very many words which are unphonetically pronounced by speakers of 'public-school English' but which are pronounced in a manner which may be held phonetic by Devonshire laborers or Scotch peasants. Can we scrap a spelling which is phonetic in Devonshire or Scotland or Australia and substitute another, thereby forcing (we have granted our omnipotent government) a new pronunciation on fellow citizens who did not need it?

The Scotch would have a special grievance. They habitually argue (some would say that they would in any event do that) that their own pronunciation of English is the correct one. They can certainly produce a good many examples of words which they pronounce in a manner more consonant with the spelling than we do. Take the word 'burn,' a word that is never far from the ears of the Southron visitor to Scotland. To our ears the Scotch pronunciation is 'burrn' or even 'burrun.' It may be that they linger somewhat lovingly on the 'r,' but the central fact is that they pronounce the 'r' and we do not, which makes it, when they are speaking and we listening, very prominent. Would it be rational, or even just, to drop the 'r' which we do not pronounce and impose on them a new spelling — or should we say a Nu Speling? — which should represent our word 'boen' or 'bön' or 'b[e]n,' or whatever it is? These variations in space, which make a standard English impossible to define, exist; and they exist overseas beyond the arm of the most nearly omnipotent British Government that we care to postulate.

And besides these variations in space there are the variations in time. English, we are told, educated English, is 'becoming' Cocknified. Even in ten years a difference is perceptible; a century makes differences that would be perceptible to the very grossest ears. It is not merely so in special words which are selected victims of fashion, like the 'cowcumber' of our great-aunts.

All pronunciations change. The philosophers have not yet explored the reasons for such changes. They are, we do not doubt, bound up with much else, with phenomena psychological, social, even economic. In a century fashion, dictated by who knows what underlying causes, will produce in England changes which would be a nightmare to Grimm. Had we phonographic records of the speeches of Canning and Castlereagh, we should very likely find that there was scarcely a word to which they gave precisely the shade of pronunciation that is given by Mr. Balfour or Lord Robert Cecil. From Canning and Castlereagh we may jump to Walpole and Bolingbroke, from Walpole and Bolingbroke to Shakespeare and Sidney. An attempt was made some years since to render one of Shakespeare's plays with the words pronounced as he would have pronounced them: the audience of Londoners felt as if they were listening to a company of broad, gruff and guttural miners from some hitherto unknown county of the North. And even that restoration was the result of guesswork.

We can guess some things with confidence. There are all sorts of clues, from rhymes to the transliteration of foreign mispronunciations of English (as by Shakespeare's Katherine and the Irishmen of the Restoration drama), which give us clues to the manner in which our ancestors

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spoke the English which they spelled much as we do. But with all our clues we remain very vague. The words spoken by the Elizabethans may not be so conjectural as the songs sung by the Sirens, or even so uncertain as the pronunciation of Greek by the Athenians, but conjectural in their degree they remain. Their images, those white faces with their arched eyebrows, large pensive eyes, and stiff ruffs, gaze out of their frames; and sometimes to the imaginative man it seems as if, were they suddenly indued with life, their lips would frame syllables incomprehensible to us, and our speech to them would be the strange gabble of aliens. The thought holds something like terror. To our posterity, born as it is of uncertainty, it will be unknown. They will inherit from us the waxen discs from which, with a due discount for the mechanical nasal, they will know our spoken language precisely as it was, cherishing no pleasant illusions and no dreadful speculations. Yet that preservation of our custom in the storehouses of museums will be no anchor to our descendants.

We diverge from our fathers, with whom we dine and sup; we should diverge, were they also audible to us, from our great-grandfathers, whom we never saw. The efforts of no association of men, be it as small as a learned society or as large as a representative government, will suffice to herd men into one pen of pronunciation, there to remain, logical and subservient. The English language, like all things else on this planet that proceeds from its fiery origin to its unknown destiny of collision or frost, is on an adventure. It is our bounden duty, as we love it and live with it, to do our best to preserve the best of it as we judge the best, to keep it from corruptions, to develop it along lines which we consider proper to its character, to do our utmost to insure that to those who come after us the great literature which we have inherited and helped to create will be a living and understandable thing. Better, we think, any divorce between the written and the spoken word than that Shakespeare's words should become as far and foreign as the words of Beowulf. But 500 years hence? But 1000 years hence? But 10,000 years hence? The more modest our ambitions in this sphere the more likely we are to fulfill them!

We suspect that this would be admitted by the members of the Society for Pure English. The Poet Laureate's tract deals with one special and local evil. He cannot produce suggestions for the total abolition of homophones. If 'hide' means two things, it means two things. But he suggests that we should do our best to minimize the loss due to — if the word be permitted — homophonization by (1) reforming the teaching of pronunciation in public schools — differentiating, for instance, between 'mourn' and 'morn'; (2) adopting dialectal forms to preserve words that would otherwise perish; (3) observing vowel distinctions in unaccented syllables; (4) supervising new words introduced into the language. This last desideratum is emphasized in the general prospectus of the society. The society, we take it, recognizes (as Mr. Bridges, however he may deplore current tendencies, probably recognizes) that large changes in speech cannot be prevented.

But there are, and here the society's forethought will be most useful, some undesirable changes which can be averted, and some desirable changes which can be promoted. It is true that, were a sufficiently influential body of teachers to be mobilized, the distinction between 'mourn' and

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'morn' could be retained among educated people; though a very large effort and organization would be necessary to retain that distinction in all classes here, in the Colonies, and in America. And with far less effort we could secure other benefits which do not relate to homophones, to our language. The society's prospectus states that the S.P.E. desires to secure 'certain slight modifications and advantageous changes'; that it recognizes that development is inevitable and wishes to secure that our language, in development, 'should' keep its English character.'

One instance of what the Society wishes to do relates to foreign words. Of old we incorporated them rapidly and altered their spelling ruthlessly. To-day we take them in and go on spelling them and pronouncing them in a foreign way. 'Rendezvous' is an example, 'régime' is another. They have come to stay; the spelling of the first and at least the pronunciation of the second, should be altered; and a powerful organization of schoolmasters and journalists could secure changes which the working classes are in process of securing with the words (more familiar to them) 'garridge' and 'shover.'

Word making among Englishmen should, it is suggested, be encouraged; where a notion has no corresponding English word, the S.P.E. might quite well authorize a word, lest worst befall, and especially so where the conceptions or the inventions of science are concerned. It may be useful to recall that just before the war we were in danger of having the ugly and even abominable word 'aviator' foisted upon us. Just as that word (which was maliciously, but not unfairly, compared to a hypothetical 'talpiator') seemed victorious, the *Times* suddenly announced that it had decided once and for all to use 'airman' instead, and there can be no doubt that the example there set, which was copied by journalists on other papers, secured the predominance of a good new English word over a deformed importation.

The Society for Pure English announces as one of its objects the encouragement of dialect and opposition to 'the enforcement of a uniform and town-bred standard of speech.' This object (an object, be it noted, which should be anathema to the advocates of phonetic spelling) may be difficult to secure. Dialect will survive or will not survive; the old dialects will remain or new dialects will come; these things, probably, are beyond our regulation. But the society's less magnificent projects should not be impossible of realization. Granted that it secures the moral support, and the loyal obedience, of representative bodies of journalists, authors, and teachers, it should be in a position, and a position which experience will strengthen, to supervise the coinage of neologisms and the admission of foreign words, to secure the incorporation of, or the exclusion of, any word, not a product of the populace, to which it devotes its attention.

If it fulfills this function it will deserve the gratitude of all who are proud to have inherited, and anxious to enrich rather than to impair, the instrument which served a Shakespeare and a Milton, a Bunyan and a Wordsworth. 'Every language,' said Dr. Johnson in the preface already quoted, 'has its anomalies, which, though inconvenient, and in themselves once unnecessary, must be tolerated among the imperfections of human things, and which require only to be registered, that they may not be increased, and ascertained, that they may not be confounded: but every

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language has likewise its improprieties and absurdities, which it is the duty of the lexicographer to correct or proscribe.' The line between an anomaly which we must suffer and an absurdity which we may abolish is not perhaps easy to draw, and Johnson did not draw it: but his sentence may stand both as a warning and as an encouragement.

THE SOCIALIST

BY S. H. McGRADY

EVERY afternoon the old Socialist went for a walk through the fields. He walked slowly, leaning on a stick, for all his life he had fought a hard fight. For years he had toiled, and now, when all things were fading, he had no regrets.

This afternoon, when Spring, clothed all in white, was dancing in the meadows, he had gone farther than was his custom. Never again, perhaps, would he gaze on the mist in the elm trees, or hear the call of the cuckoo.

So with feeble steps he crossed the tiny bridge over the brook, and entered the wood. He felt rather tired. It was a long time since he had come so far. At last, however, he reached the little waterfall that splashed with silver spray among the leaves, and, sitting down, he feasted his eyes on the vernal beauty of the scene. Here a gorse bush flamed, and there, fresh and graceful, stood a wild cherry tree in blossom. Under the branches were shy anemones and tufts of yellow primroses, and in the undergrowth a bullfinch was calling to his mate.

For a long time he sat there, with his back against an aged ash, and his feet at the water's edge. The sunlight, peeping through the leaves, touched gently the gray hair and patient, rugged face. He watched the tiny, brown mice, squeaking and playing in and out of the bushes. He remained immovable, holding his breath, while two wild, glowing hares, with quivering nostrils, gamboled around him. Then — save for the music of running water — all was still, and the woods were full of beauty and a great silence.

For a long time the old Socialist sat there. Very glad was he for this vision of spring. He thought of the springtimes of long ago, when he and his merry companions wandered over the countryside, looking for eggs or playing robbers. He thought of the best springtime of all, when a trusting girl put her hand in his. And he thought of the factories in which he had worked, with the grime and grease and roaring machinery, and the monotonous, never-ending toil, while out in the fields the fresh, gentle wind was blowing, and the buds were bursting into blossom.

But, most of all, he thought of the fight he had fought for freedom. How, after the day's work was over, tired and weary, perhaps, he had given the few hours remaining to humanity. For the cause he loved he had sacrificed leisure and pleasure, domestic happiness even. He had never received a decent education, and it was with difficulty that he had taught himself to read and write. Literature, music, art were not for him. Nearly always he had lived among the smoke and dirt, slaving in the works, day after day, year after year, with intervals for food and sleep, so that on the morrow the human machine might be ready again for the dreary, weary monotony of soulless toil. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. . . .

It was not for himself that he had fought. It was not for himself he had struggled against the hideous machine that ground human lives to powder. It was not for himself that he had striven to express in words the wild strivings

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and longings that gathered in his heart. He had never had a chance. But the boys and girls, shouting and playing in the streets, and the peaceful, sleeping babies — life must be better for them.

Socialist! How often had the very men and women whose battles he fought turned against him, laughed him to scorn. Yet he loved them, his comrades, not less, but rather all the more. For they, too, had never had a chance.

Socialist! Groping in the dark! Yet, even now, there were signs of the dawn. The thousands of ordinary, obscure men, like himself, had not lived in vain.

So the old man sat there in the stillness of the wood, watching the water splashing over the stones, looking up at the patches of blue above the pine trees, dreaming, wondering.

All at once, however, he realized with a start that he was not alone.

A short distance away, watching him intently, a stranger was standing. His face was gaunt and pale, his lips firm, his eyes piercing. At first glance the expression seemed stern and relentless, cruel even. Yet there was something about him that spoke of kindness and sympathy, as if he had seen much pain and suffering, and knew that these, too, are the gifts of God.

'It is very pleasant here,' said the old Socialist.

'You are right,' answered the stranger, sitting down on the grassy bank beside him.

Although the weather was warm he wore a heavy cloak, seemingly without inconvenience, for there were no traces of perspiration on the pale, calm face.

'I can easily see that you do not belong to these parts,' observed the Socialist.

'I travel a good deal,' answered the other.

His voice was gentle, and for all his severity there was something charming about his smile.

'All my life I have longed to travel, but being a poor man, I have never had an opportunity of doing so. How wonderful it must be to visit new lands, to see strange peoples, to study their customs and ways, to realize that all these men are brothers, that they, too, are crying in the night.'

The stranger agreed. He condemned the caste system. Divisions of class were nothing to him. Yet everywhere society erected barriers. For himself he saw no difference between a peasant and a prince.

'I am an old man,' continued the Socialist. 'To-day, because it is springtime, I ventured a little farther than usual, and I have been sitting here by the water, listening to the birds, and living over again the years that are gone. And I have been thinking, too, of the future, and wondering if it will be well with the cause I have at heart. I want all men to have an equal chance. I want to do away with class privileges. I want the world for democracy. But sometimes, as to-day, I am afraid. Perhaps, after all, tyranny and capitalism will prevail. Perhaps there will always be serfs and masters to grind them down. Yet, whatever the future, I have no regrets; for I have fought and suffered for the truth.'

'Do not despair,' said the stranger. 'Only this morning I arrived here from a far-off land, where all men, without exception, have the same rights.'

The eyes of the old Socialist lit up with enthusiasm.

'Tell me,' he exclaimed eagerly, 'tell me about this happy, far-off land.'

'In that land,' answered the stranger with a kind smile, 'all men and women are equal. There you will find no class distinctions, no monopoly of land or gold, no corrupt politicians, no savage wars. For there all men are brothers.'

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'Splendid! Splendid!' cried the old man, clasping his hands.

'In that land all share alike. A king and a beggar, going there, are equal; and a nobleman and a dustman receive the same treatment. There are no poor and no rich — for everything is in common — no hunger and poverty, no strife and cruelty and hatred. For all is rest and peace.'

Music rang in the ears of the old Socialist, and glad was his heart. Wonderful, far-off land! How lucky was this fascinating stranger to have lived there.

'Would you not like to see this country?' asked the speaker, leaning toward him, 'you who have struggled and suffered that men may become brothers.'

'Indeed, I would,' cried the old man, his eyes sparkling. 'But I am old and feeble and poor — as you see.'

'Yet there, mighty statesmen, and silver-tongued poets, even the rich, would welcome you as a comrade, and you and they would be one.'

Fascinated, the old Socialist gazed at the pale face of the stranger, and met his deep, piercing eyes. His limbs were trembling, his heart beating violently, for upon him there came a vague, indescribable feeling, a strange mixture of contentment and fear. Surely, he had fought a good fight, and now he was old and longed for rest. And this stranger would help him, and show him the way.

'Take me — if you will — to this wonderful far-off land.'

Smiling, the stranger stretched out his hand, and laid his cold, thin fingers upon the fingers of the old Socialist.

'Come! We will go together. I will be your guide.'

And as the old man looked, the hard lines on the stranger's face melted away, and he seemed no longer stern and cruel, but full of kindness and hope. And his eyes were those of a little child.

'Tell me,' he whispered. 'What is your name?'

'I am Death,' answered the stranger gently, taking the old man's hand.

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[*New Witness*]

BALLAD

BY GEOFFREY DEARMER

'COME over to-morrow at sunset,' she cried,
'And knock at my door in the sunny hill side,
If I love thee, I'll answer, and thus thou shalt know,
But if there's no sound from me, gallantly go.'

I bowed to the bargain and lowered my head,
'My lady, to-morrow at sunset,' I said,
'Have pity and hear, O my heart-beat and breath,
For silence will send me to solitary death!'

Ere sunset I climbed over the heather-topped hill
And down past the churning, monotonous mill;
My forehead was tingling and clammy and cold,
For there stood her cottage, my breath to behold.

It stood there all silent, and terrible fears
Welled up, for I heard 'rat-a-tat' in my ears;
And I felt the foreboding a soldier may feel
Anticipating the silence of steel.

I climbed and climbed nearer, my blood seemed to scorch,
And I saw the bright stone-crop, a patch on her porch;
And the swift circling swallows swept round in black streaks,
And I heard the 'snap' 'snap' of their fly-catching beaks.

Nearer and nearer, I heard every sound
From the near and the far and the flowery ground—
Yes, even a feathery, flickering bat,
As I knocked at her door 'rat-a-tat,' 'rat-a-tat.'

And I stood there as one turning slowly to stone
His breath nor his brain nor his body his own,
For in echoless silence my dull knock had died,
And I stood there in loneliness on the hill side.

In a world lone and lightless I stood frozen there
Nothing knowing but growing and darkening despair;
Till I heard from a casement beneath the thick thatch
Louder, louder than trumpets, the click of a latch.

[*The Nation*]

CHRISTINA

BY ANGELA CAVE

'WOULD you be old, Christina?'
'No, I would not be old;
I should not love to become outworn,
Like a tale that is told.'

'The old eyes see best, Christina.'
'They may see clear,
But I see what I wish to see,
And hear what I would hear.'

'Old hearts are true, Christina.'
'That does not make for laughter;
My heart goes where it lists, my loves
Run softly, run after.'

'Age drinks at the well of peace, Christina.'
'And I drink joy;
Laughter runs into my life
Like a quick-footed boy.'

'Are you never sad, Christina?'
'The young love Sorrow;
They kiss his lips in a dream,
And wake to-morrow.'

'What will you do when you are old, Christina?'
'I shall save my breath;
Sit and stare at the world,
And wait for death.'

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